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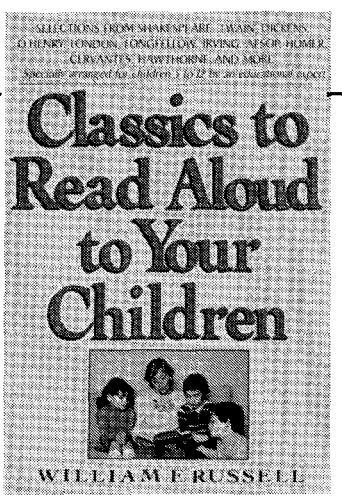

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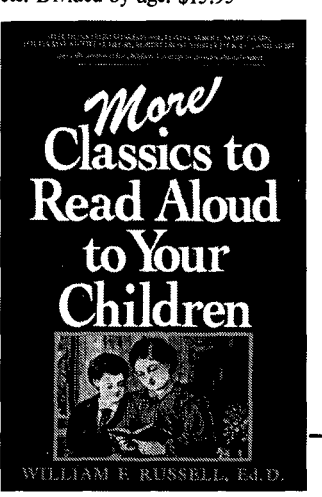

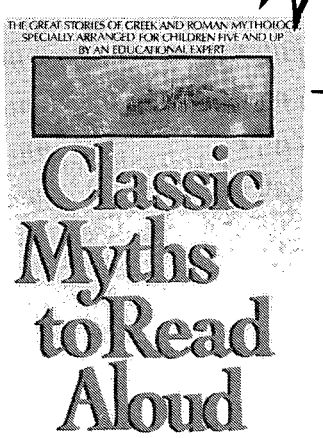
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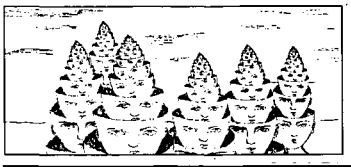
PERSPECTIVE



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A publication of The Rockford Institute.
Editorial and Advertising Offices:
934 North Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103.
Editorial Phone: (815) 964-5054.
Advertising Phone: (815) 964-5811.
Subscription Department: P.O. Box 800, Mount Morris, IL 61054.
Call 1-800-877-5459. For information on advertising in *Chronicles*, please call Rochelle Frank at (815) 964-5811.

U.S.A. Newsstand Distribution by Eastern News Distributors, Inc., 1130 Cleveland Road, Sandusky, OH 44870.

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Chronicles (ISSN 0887-5731) is published monthly for $24 per year by The Rockford Institute, 934 North Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103-7061. Second-class postage paid at Rockford, IL and additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *Chronicles*, P.O. Box 800, Mount Morris, IL 61054.

The views expressed in *Chronicles* are the authors' alone and do not necessarily reflect the views of The Rockford Institute or of its directors. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Chronicles
A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

Vol. 16, No. 7 July 1992

POLEMICS & EXCHANGES

On 'Veterans of Future Wars'

After reading the article by E. Christian Kopff in the December 1991 *Chronicles*, "The Veterans of Future Wars," I was impelled to look up a newspaper item, clipped as I recall in 1924, quoting a speech made by Senator John Sharp Williams of Mississippi to his colleagues. He was given a respectful hearing. Senator Williams must be counted among Professor Kopff's "last of the Romans." His speech, made today, would burlesque:

"I got a letter this morning from a man who said: 'I heard you cheering the soldiers on. I heard you trying to vitalize the war, and now here you are opposing the bonus bill.' I did cheer them on. I once said to my friend from Alabama there, when we were talking about our boys who were in France, that if mine died there I would not wear black, I would dress in white, like a bridegroom; not because he died, but because of the thing for which I thought he was dying. If I am to learn now that one of the things he was fighting for was money I would not have said that. I would never have thought it, I would never have felt it. On the contrary, I would have felt sorry that my boy was in the service. Mr. President, there are, after all is said and done, two classes of people in this world—one class of ideals and of vision, seeking all the time, however sinfully weak they may be in their conduct, in their thoughts, at any rate in their feeling, to approach nearer to their God and to the God in history who controls the destinies of mankind, who controls them not so much by arbitrary act of His, but by accepting men themselves, the common conscience and the common sense of common men, as His instrumentality to carry the world finally into accord with Himself. That is one class of men. The other class of men is the class of men who, whenever they confer a service upon anybody or even upon their own country, begin to weigh in their minds as to how much it ought to be worth in dollars. This is one of the things that cannot be measured in dollars. It must be measured in honor, and the man who is not willing to be rewarded in honor is not worthy to be rewarded at all.

"Mr. President, whenever a boy goes to fight for an ideal: to save the Union, to save his country, to save civilization, to save democracy, or to save anything, and then comes back and proceeds to collect every week, my answer is, the next time you find civilization in danger let it sink."

—*Willard Z. Francis*

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS

RODNEY KING DAY will be the official designation of April 29th on the new American calendar, and the holiday will be marked by an annual spree of rioting and looting, all in a good cause. The jury's verdict in the LAPD officers' trial came as a shock to the commentators who could only repeat, over and over, "But we saw the tape." What else could we expect from a generation brought up watching television? If we have seen something on TV, it must be "true," no matter what evidence or argument might have been presented to the jury during the long course of the trial. That Rodney King is exactly the kind of thug that we need police protection from, that in a decent society he would be either executed or working his life away on the county farm, none of the pundits was willing to admit.

I knew we were in trouble on Thursday evening, when Mayor Bradley, various black leaders, and Governor Pete Wilson all recommended peace, while expressing their sympathy for the outrage being felt in the black community. Once the riots were well under way, George Bush threw his support behind the looters. After a perfunctory appeal to

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the principles of law and order, the President promised an investigation into potential civil rights abuses. Didn't American "law and order" use to include the principle of double jeopardy? Did the looters regard the President's promise as anything less than a justification of their crimes?

In the eyes of black political leaders, an investigation was insufficient. They demanded immediate prosecution of the officers and, presumably, a summary conviction. Ross Perot, proving that he really was a presidential candidate, issued an evenhanded statement condemning both the riots and the verdict. By equating due process with pillage and the beating of a career criminal with the murder of dozens of *innocent* people, virtually the entire leadership class of the United States abandoned the inner cities to terror and declared an end to the rule of law.

There is only one civilized response to looters, and that is to shoot them on sight. Of what possible use is our racial "sensitivity," when we encourage lower-class blacks to burn down the houses and stores of working- and middle-class blacks and Koreans? Black neighborhood businessmen were stunned. Why are they doing this to *us*? Why didn't they burn down city hall?

Every morning the hosts of the three network News Lite programs explained to us that the riots were only the culmination of a growing sense of rage in the black community. There are two Americas now, Bryant Gumble informed us, and white America has turned its back on civil rights since 1968.

By this Bryant did not mean we had not passed evermore onerous civil rights legislation or even that we had not expanded the welfare state. No, what he meant was simply that we preferred to devote some time and energy to other questions, and that black Americans were demanding more: more transfer of wealth from whites to blacks, more programs and policies mandating discrimination in their favor, more testimonials of white guilt. As John Chancellor put it, what triggered the verdict and the riots was all that Republican talk of reverse discrimination and welfare queens.

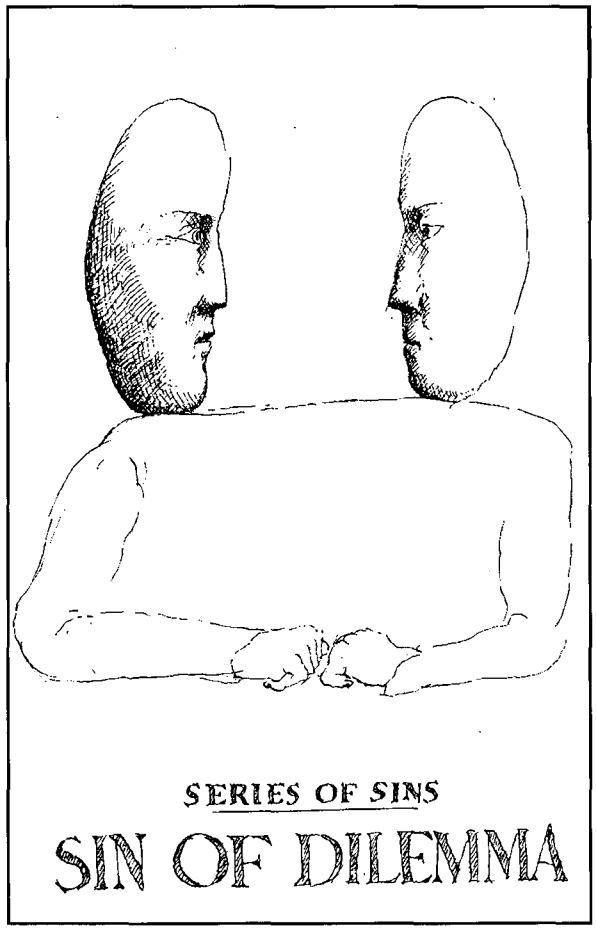
For the first time in his career as animated male model, Mr. Chancellor is onto something. Middle-class Americans are, to some extent, exasperated with the privileges showered upon minorities, and it is those privileges that have incited blacks into thinking of themselves as a community of victims above the law. It is a reasonable conclusion for them to draw. We pay them for not working; we pay them for having babies out of wedlock; we keep paying them so long as none of the boyfriends can be talked into a permanent arrangement. There are masses of young black males who can live off their mothers and girlfriends, while pushing a little crack or stealing a few TVs for pin money.

Sex without obligation, rights without responsibility. "Money for nothing and the chicks for free," as Dire Straits put it a few years ago. The song takes on a whole new meaning in L.A.: "We got to move your microwave oven, we got to move your color TV." The fruits of the welfare state are putting out a luxuriant growth in Los Angeles and other major American cities, and the only real "solution" to the problem has to go beyond the immediate crackdown on lawlessness that every decent American is demanding. The only long-term solution is, as all the pundits and black leaders declare, a reform of the welfare system, but instead of expanding the network of services, we need to dismantle the entire welfare state apparatus that has created the mob of urban terrorists who can torch a city and, in the same breath, demand their rights.

—Thomas Fleming

THE JURY is the greatest achievement of the Anglo-Saxon legal system. No matter how much pressure from kings and lords, or in our case politicians and the media, "twelve good men and true" can do the right thing, so to speak. And that is exactly what they did in the case of Rodney King, although it could not have been easy for them to stand up to the hatred of the entire Establishment. How heartening that they did, for if the Los Angeles Four had been convicted of the charges against them, justice would have been suborned by hysteria. King was always described in the media as a "black motorist." Well, yes, but that is hardly a sufficient description.

King, an ex-con with a long police record, speeded at 100 mph for eight miles through a residential neighborhood while the police tried to pull him over. When the cops finally succeeded, the six-foot-three, 250-pound per-



Janusz Kapusta

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petrator resisted arrest, spat at the cops, danced maniacally, made obscene gestures at a policewoman, and refused to do as he was told.

The police thought King was on PCP. Instead, he was one of those reckless drunks that MADD always warn us against. Did the malt liquor bull have a gun? He wouldn't let himself be frisked, and he kept grabbing at his waist. Even if he didn't, might he have overpowered a cop, grabbed his pistol, and opened fire? It's happened, and the police were right to worry.

They ordered him to stand still, and he laughed and tried to run away. Four policemen grabbed him, and he tossed them off. They tried to subdue him—twice—with an electric stun gun, but Robocrook, unaffected by the 100,000 volts, lunged at a cop. It was like a movie "where the monster is shot and keeps coming at you," said a highway patrolman who was there, but did not participate. The police told him to "assume the position," meaning, lie spread eagle on the ground, but he refused. They had to strike him for about a minute to get him to do so. But King was always in control. He could have stopped the process at any time, or prevented it entirely, by doing as he was told. When he stopped resisting and said he was ready to be cuffed, the batons were immediately put away. Like one juror, I think the cops "did what they had to do to get him under control in extreme conditions." They could have shot him, but they didn't, and an earlier liberal media campaign had outlawed the traditional (and very effective) choke-hold as "racist."

We never saw King rush at the police at linebacker speed, nor his repeated attempts to get away. The media didn't show us the entire videotape, let alone tell us what happened before the cameraman started filming or who Rodney King really was. All we saw was an edited version. The excuse was "poor film quality," but a producer for Court TV said that was nonsense. The entire film was of the same quality.

But wasn't King "almost killed," as victimologist William Raspberry put it? Sure, that's why the hospital called him slightly injured, and why, shortly after his TV debut, King solicited a transvestite prostitute and tried to run over the cop who intervened. No charges were filed. King was now the Teflon transgressor.

Nevertheless, the prosecutor was afraid to put the burly King on the stand. The jury might have "focused on his character and background." Well, they did, and they should have. They also learned a little of what it's like to be a cop. The police really are the thin blue line between civilization and barbarism. Attack the cops, tie their hands, make them feel like criminals, treat them like the enemy, and society disintegrates.

But Rodney King is black and the cops are white. Doesn't this prove "racism"? No, for the two black men riding with King obeyed instructions and were untouched. But didn't the City of Los Angeles' Christopher Commission note "racist" LAPD radio jokes about "Gorillas in the Mist"? Come on. Do we really expect working-class guys operating under tremendous stress *not* to make ethnic jokes? Or should their private humor have to pass muster with the ACLU, the NAACP, NOW, LULAC, and presumably PETA as well?

The jury ignored all this, and looked at the facts. So, instead of being congratulated, they are beaten up by everyone from George Bush to Jesse Jackson for their verdict. The jury, we are told, should have found the police guilty to assuage the "rage" and "anger" of black America, specifically the residents of south-central Los Angeles. If they're so angry, Rush Limbaugh wanted to know, why did the riots look like a "rap party"? Blacks gleefully kicked whites to death, looted stores, and set ten thousand buildings on fire. "I saw them dancing on cars, and on people's faces," said Limbaugh. "And they were laughing."

Amidst all this, how did our public leaders react? L.A. Mayor Bradley had to be dragged kicking and screaming to condemn the rioters, and even then he merely tut-tutted them (unlike the jurors, whom he wanted lynched). Governor Wilson of California and President Bush weren't much better. They all subverted the jury, in effect handing a gasoline can to the mob. Meanwhile, the cops were effectively disarmed, at the request of black officials in Los Angeles, and the troops were deployed bullet-less or much too late. A televised order to "shoot to kill" looters would have been all that was needed, as Mayor Richard Daley demonstrated during the Chicago riots of 1968. When the criminals watched his announcement on their new TVs, and believed him, they stayed home.

Now, having lost what it considers the first round, the Establishment is calling for a retrial of the police on "civil rights" violations (refusing to give King a welfare check?). This obviously violates the constitutional protection against double jeopardy, but no one cares. As with most of the Constitution, it can be safely ignored. If found guilty by what the Justice Department will make sure is a heavily black jury, the police can be sentenced to ten years in a federal prison, where they can be sodomized and murdered by black inmates. This is justice, D.C. style.

Since the jurors, much to the Establishment's disappointment, can't meet a similar fate, a liberal California newspaper published their names and home addresses. All that was missing were maps for the lads of the "community" to follow. The Establishment's intention is to intimidate future juries. They must not deliver politically incorrect verdicts.

The change of venue has also been attacked. When this routine legal procedure takes place to protect mass murderers and others beloved of liberals, it is defended as necessary to a fair trial. But the change to middle-class Simi Valley yielded, we're told in shocked tones, "an all-white jury." This was about as accurate as the rest of the media output: one member was Asian and another was Hispanic, so it was only 83.3 percent evil.

Rodney King, we're even told by a black leader, "didn't get a jury of his peers." Well, excuse me, but it is the *defendants* who are supposed to get a jury of their peers, and they did. To prevent that in the future, leftist law professors now suggest that juries have at most a few whites in all "sensitive cases." This designation does not include, needless to say, black crimes against whites.

From the media, one might think that crime in America is white on black, as they say. In fact, as the FBI statistics and common sense tell us, it is virtually always the other way around. The few cases of whites attacking blacks (Howard Beach, etc.) become famous. We're even being told now that King is a hero. A few days after the original incident, when I defended the cops in the *Los Angeles Times* to what I might call the rage of left-libertarians, I predicted a miniseries on St. Rodney. Stay tuned.

As to the race riots themselves, the question is why? We all get angry. We

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even feel rage, especially in the sinkhole that is our culture and economy. How come we don't go on a mugging, looting, burning, killing spree? And why is doing so considered an "uprising" against "poverty, injustice, and deprivation"? When there is looting in New York when the lights go out, as there always is, is this a protest against Con Edison?

Liberals like Jack Kemp tell us we cannot "ignore the root causes." But these cannot include poverty, otherwise Appalachia would be a high-crime, riot-prone area. The real root causes are the absence of families and of elementary social discipline, both of which welfare policies have encouraged. Now beasts rule, instead of fathers and mothers. Kemp calls for "empowerment," but that's only enwelfarement. To him, the $2.5 trillion taxed from the middle class for underclass programs is not enough.

The public-policy views of thieves and killers, and those who defend them, should have no standing in a civilized society. We might as well get recipes from Jeffrey Dahmer.

—*Llewellyn H. Rockwell, Jr.*

USA TODAY is the ACT-UP of the newspaper industry. Last April 8 the paper outed Arthur Ashe, forcing him to reveal the fact that a 1983 blood transfusion left him HIV positive. *USA Today* also recently outed former television newscaster Linda Ellerbee, bullying her into a public discussion of her double mastectomy. As Ellerbee revealed during a *Prime Time Live* interview, a reporter called her assistant and asked, "Well, is it true she had to have both her t-ts cut off?"

Some journalists affect concern over the ethical state of their profession. Carl Bernstein said last year that he knew journalistic standards had deteriorated when he heard Diane Sawyer ask Marla Maples, "Was it the best sex you ever had?" But was it the newsworthiness of the guest or merely Sawyer's question that bothered Bernstein, the reporter who built his career on the revelations of Deep Throat?

Few editors show even Bernstein's concern. At the annual meeting of the American Society of Newspaper Editors held a week after the Ashe story broke, only one editor (from the *Philadelphia Inquirer*) declared he would not have published the story without Ashe's permission. The clear consensus was that, though Ashe had retired from professional tennis 13 years ago, he remained a "public figure" and therefore "fair game." Ironically, it was Ashe's role twenty years ago as a barrier-breaking black athlete that negated his right to privacy. A sportswriter in the *Chicago Tribune* even went so far as to claim the moral high ground for the press: "As unfair as it is to Ashe, the common good will be better served for knowing now [about his affliction] than later."

Mr. Ashe saw things in a different light. "I didn't commit any crimes," he said at his news conference. "I'm not running for public office. I should be able to reserve the right to keep things like that private." The *New York Times* responded to his *lèse majesté* by criticizing him for aiming "his barbs at the wrong target. . . .The real villainy lies in the cruel and benighted public attitudes that compelled Mr. Ashe to keep his disease secret. . . ." That Ashe may have *wanted* to live a dignified and quiet life out of the public eye is a possibility the *Times* cannot understand. The "right to privacy" may cover women who wish to kill their babies, but it does not extend to role models, national heroes, and all dubiously honored as poster children of the cause of the day. In valuing his own needs and those of his family over and against the dictates of the herd, Ashe emulated Howard Roark instead of Magic Johnson and outraged the many Ellsworth Tooheys of our day.

But the problem with "outing" is not that it raises a conflict between the right of free speech and the right to privacy; it is a more fundamental problem of basic decency and good manners. Both are in decline, along with other characteristics of republican life. The true significance of the infamous letters of President Truman released last year was not that they unmasked him as a bigot. After all, few leaders in American history, and not even the Great Emancipator, believed in racial equality. But what the letters enabled us to glimpse was a crass and vulgar haberdasher whom the founders of the republic—farmers and merchants alike—would not have allowed in the front door.

In better days an editor who ran the Ashe story would have been challenged to a duel by his victim and tarred and feathered by his former subscribers. But *USA Today* has the largest general readership of any newspaper in the country. The American people not only have the government they deserve; we also have the newspaper we deserve.

—*Theodore Pappas*

MICHAEL WU wants to become an American citizen. He is 25 years old and has lived in San Diego with his Taiwanese parents since 1980. He speaks English and Chinese, works packing newspapers for recycling, and attends school. He loves baseball and swimming and wants to join the U.S. Navy. By all accounts he is hardworking and loves the United States. But there's one little problem: he can't pass the Immigration and Naturalization Service's citizenship exam. He has taken the test six times. Michael, you see, has Down's Syndrome.

Representative Bill Lowery, Republican from San Diego, introduced H.R. 1917, which stipulates that "for purposes of section 322(a) of the Immigration and Nationality Act, Michael Wu shall be considered to be a child under 18 years of age." That way, he can be naturalized without taking the test. The bill for the relief of Michael Wu, born Jiun Kai Wu in the Republic of China in 1966, is one of those special bills targeted at individuals. According to the *San Diego Union* profile of Michael, hundreds of these bills are introduced, but only about 15 pass. Praise be.

But this is one piece of legislation that seems destined to become law. "He knows what it means to be a citizen of this nation and would truly appreciate the honor of joining the rest of his family as full citizens," Representative Lowery says, and for some reason there's every reason to believe that. Moreover, "Michael is the kind of person who represents the best of what this nation is about: someone who has obstacles to overcome but who does his best to succeed and appreciates the opportunities given to him." That, no doubt, is true as well.

Representative Lowery's bill passed the House by voice vote on November 20 and as of last April awaited floor action in the Senate. If for no other reason, Michael Wu is destined to become a citizen because only an ogre would vote against a bill to make him a citizen. Sure, immigration is a problem, but this one case is very special, right? Well, yes, it is, and I probably couldn't vote against giving Michael Wu the life in these United States he wants. I'm

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against immigration, but I'm not a meanie. Moreover, in practical terms there's really no reason to oppose Lowery's bill. For one thing, Michael's already been here 12 years. What's the alternative to giving him citizenship? Kicking him out? Truth is, there's a good reason for any lawmaker to cast his vote for Michael: Christian charity.

And Michael Wu, really, isn't the problem, leaving aside for now the precedent his case would set (his special education teacher wants to "remove [immigration] barriers for the learning disabled"). The problem is immigration. The time has come for our national leadership to stop conferring citizenship to every Tom, Dick, and Wu who wants it. True enough, on the margin, Michael Wu's mere presence in America won't affect the body politic. But Down's Syndrome aside, there's more than one Michael Wu.

His brothers and parents are here too, along with the rest of the Chinese immigrants who flooded California over the last century or so, not counting the Thais, Cambodians, Vietnamese, and Laotians who landed ashore after our ill-fated, ill-conceived venture in Southeast Asia, or those from Mexico, El Salvador, and Honduras coming across the Rio Grande in droves, and the many others from the Third World who desire American citizenship. Unlike Michael Wu, these folks don't want to change for us. They want us to change for them.

A hundred years ago, someone who made it to the United States, a difficult task back then, wanted American citizenship for the right reasons: to become a member of a unique civilization that had sprung up from an unsettled, virgin land; to adopt that civilization's morals and values, its work habits and pastimes and its language and customs and heritage. That isn't true anymore, except maybe in this special case. Michael, you see, will never be a millionaire. He is simpleminded, with an IQ of 60, and he wants to be a citizen for one reason and one reason only. It means something to him. He doesn't value American citizenship for material gain.

Not so for the many aliens in our cities who see the United States as a vehicle to personal prosperity and nothing more. They're here for the welfare payments, schools, and free lunch, and they have no more intention of shucking the Third World they've lugged across the border than they have in going back after they make their millions. Once here, they're here for good, disrupting our institutions, like public schools, with foreign languages, pagan religions, and oddly spiced foods. Check out New York City, and you'll find a public school system that will hire one language expert to teach one child from Ouagadougou.

A recent story in the *Washington Post* illustrates the problem. An enterprising reporter found a Mexican immigrant, not a citizen, who said he had no intention of teaching his kids English and making them Americans. But that wasn't going to stop him from using the public schools and getting the benefits every other American citizen gets: Social Security, Medicaid, food stamps, and everything else. ABC's *20/20* recently brought attention to the multitudes of pregnant Mexicans who sneak across the border to bear their children (oftentimes with the help of immigrant midwives) because the children get citizenship. That means mama and papa can return when young Paco hits 18, because he is, you understand, an "American."

Sure, Michael Wu is preferable to the type of immigrants discussed above, and he's preferable to Willie Horton and the rest of the alienated underclass seething with resentment toward the rest of us. The question, however, is where we should draw the line. Drawing it for the benefit of the American nation would exclude the hard cases like Michael Wu. But we all know, as the cliché goes, hard cases make bad law.

—R. Cort Kirkwood

POLLSTERS and pundits seem to think our American malaise is an economic illness that will be cured when the recession ends. I spent my State Department career deeply involved with the Shah's regime and revolutionary Iran and I smell déjà vu. In the past four years, I've seen stronger expressions of political discontent here than in the old days in Iran—at least until crowds demanding change began to assemble by the millions. Citizens in large numbers in this country are, like their counterparts in Iran, simply fed up with those who rule them. The complaints are similar. "Traditional values are eroding. The middle class is being squeezed out. Politics are reserved exclusively for a small circle of incumbents. Only money counts. They're all corrupt. There are no real choices. Politics is hopeless, so why bother with the charade of participation?" In Iran voting was meaningless; in the United States close to a majority seems to agree.

The good news, I suppose, is that there doesn't seem to be any Ayatollah figure in view—Pat Robertson and Jesse Jackson having faded. The bad news is that we in the Foreign Service and our friends in the Iranian establishment didn't see Khomeini coming either until he was about to jerk the Persian carpet from under the Shah. In our country, however, extreme discontent may not end in revolutionary change. It may only produce a prolonged period of revulsion against politics among increasingly unhappy constituents and rigidity in the decisions of their timid power-preserving masters, who are fearful of risks that could jeopardize their jobs.

This stalling of the political system occurs as the United States faces the tough challenges of a quickly changing world. Rigidity in policy may be the end of us. We suffer now from a delayed, ineffective reaction to the economic rise of Japan and the Asian "tigers." How much official thought is now being given to the new challenge of an economically unified Europe?

The Soviet Union has disappeared while we remain rigidly certain that NATO and the huge defense budgets that served us for decades continue to be required. We grope for policies in ethnically fragmenting Eastern Europe and have largely given up in despair the task of promoting development and stability in the Third World. The Middle East, hardly the same region it was forty, twenty, or even five years ago, made what could be a new beginning with the Madrid Conference. But is there any indication that Congress will respond with anything but the same tired, and—for the members—politically profitable formula? We have no useful formulas for dealing with the global challenges of AIDS, debt, and the environment.

To deal with the causes of our crisis of revulsion and rigidity, activists propose to limit campaign financing, enliven debate, impose term limits. Citizens propose, politicians dispose. Only if the noise level gets much, much higher will there be a reaction from Washington. That's reason enough for everybody to offer proposals of whatever merit. Accordingly, I suggest three ideas that

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didn't work during the Iranian revolution, but contributed wonderfully to the noise level—out of which came real political change.

First is a proposal that some of the Shah's supporters pushed in the early stages of the revolution: buy off the opposition. Pay the mullahs for peace. Everyone will go home, moderate and contented. The idea came late and too modestly, for it left the system intact. Here we see the beginnings of this tactic. Give everyone health care. Cut middle-class taxes. But, with our Treasury busted and foreign bankers holding the purse strings, can we find sufficient cash to buy real political peace? An economic response isn't adequate for a political question; it can only sink the economy.

The second and cheaper idea was Gary Sick's, presented at a time when the Shah was on the ropes. The prescription was: "Enough wimpishness, be a tough father figure. Get on a white horse and on TV. Show that you, not Khomeini, are boss." Gary's plan never had a chance because the Shah was too wise to get in front of a crowd on or off a white horse. Will George Bush crank up an action that will allow him again to play the glorious leader? Watch out Qaddafi. Or will we have to make do with the phony stuff of TV image-makers, i.e., Willie Horton? Bravado can win applause and votes. It will not cure a system afflicted by leaders who lack the courage to make hard choices.

The third idea is a natural for any politician, whether monarchical or democratic: promises and half-measures. "Let's try a new Prime Minister," and "Free (well, mostly free) elections coming in a year or so," were the Shah's offers. Too late, too little. Now we hear talk of campaign financing reform (well, sort of) and mild versions of term-limit legislation. Does anyone think compromised approaches will bring in the new faces that will bring back the voters who have dropped out of politics? Of course not. The object of ideas with appeal in Washington is to preserve old faces.

The choices before the American public, like those that Iran faced, are three: drift with the system and suffer the slowly accumulating consequences of rigid policies and uninspired rulers; wait for the Ayatollah—maybe next time without the nasty credentials of David Duke—and the destructive energy he will unleash on the system; or create a clamor against incumbents at all levels, irrespective of virtue and talent, until the more responsible veterans among them realize that the survival of our political system requires their disappearance from political life.

—*Henry Precht*

VOTER cynicism and apathy are at an all-time high, and as such we can expect the unexpected come November. Those Middle American Radicals whom Sam Francis has been writing about will either revolt at the polls or sit at home, disgusted. Thus far, during the primary season, *someone* has been staying home, since turnout has been abysmal. If this is an indicator of turnout during the general elections, then November 3 could be transformed into a grand opportunity for sensible people to seize the day.

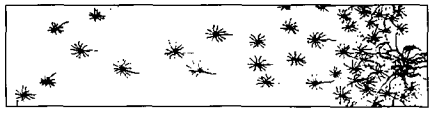
Historically, low voter turnout presents ideal opportunities to win elections. Special interest groups and PACs have recognized this for some time. Because election outcomes are being determined by a dwindling number of citizens, those who do vote exercise disproportionate power. For example, in a typical U.S. congressional election, only 35 percent of the potential electorate votes. A mere 19 percent votes for the majority party, effectively sealing the fate of the congressional agenda for the entire nation.

In 1984, only 68 percent of eligible voters bothered to register to vote and only 53 percent actually cast ballots in the presidential election. Taken one step further, only 58 percent voted for the victor, President Ronald Reagan. The bottom line: a mere 31 *percent* of the eligible electorate voted for the man who would become a catalyst for the collapse of Soviet communism and begin recasting the U.S. Supreme Court. Turnout fell again in 1988—to just 50.2 percent of the voting-age population. In 1986, a handful of Republican U.S. Senators lost by such meager margins that, if only fifty thousand more people had voted for them, the Republicans would not have lost control of the U.S. Senate. Put simply, a relatively small number of organized, dedicated citizens can exercise enormous electoral power.

It is helpful to look at electoral "campaigns" in military terms. The map of an election can then be broken down into smaller components of battle zones—in this case, the precincts—which determine the outcome of the larger campaign. History is replete with examples of U.S. elections won by a mere one or two votes per precinct. Textbook examples on the presidential level in the 20th century include the razor-thin victories of Woodrow Wilson, Harry Truman, and John F. Kennedy in one or two critical states by a margin of one vote or *less* per precinct. In 1978, Virginia Senator John Warner won his first election by less than two votes per precinct statewide against a popular opponent. Many state legislative contests in Virginia subsequently have been decided by even smaller margins—by no more than 32 votes for an entire district. A single Sunday congregation could therefore swing such an election.

The 1989 Virginia gubernatorial race is a prime example. Former Attorney General Marshall Coleman (whose policy advisors had impeccable conservative credentials) was defeated by Lieutenant Governor Douglas Wilder, a social liberal and born-again fiscal moderate. The Coleman defeat came on the heels of a last-minute *Washington Post* poll that predicted a wide margin of defeat, which so demoralized efforts to get out the vote that some coalition members simply gave up. The poll was wrong: after a recount, the margin of defeat was approximately two votes per precinct statewide, an *avoidable* loss.

Just last year, following a brutal, also demoralizing redistricting session, two Virginia House of Delegates contests ended in a tie and a near tie. After recounts, the declared winners abruptly were declared the losers by seven-vote



and *one*-vote margins. Several other contests were almost as close, and a record number of powerful Virginia Senate incumbents were unexpectedly ousted. Some losing challengers complained that had they realized how close the outcomes would be, they would have given that final push to turn out the last thirty or fifty votes. (By the way, the changes had an impact in the legislature: for the *first* time in Virginia history, the General Assembly voted to override a gubernatorial veto.)

As in military campaigns with comparably matched troops, *morale* becomes

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the decisive factor in low turn-out elections. Fatalism, dire self-fulfilling polls, and low morale can transform a victory into a defeat. It is a concrete and mundane but essential realization: in this era of voter apathy, it is the shared act of bringing (literally) one more like-minded person to the polls in each neighborhood that can determine whether a good or bad candidate wins on election day. Voting and community politicking may not be glamorous, but the battle is waged on many fronts.

—*Anne Marie Morgan*

THE LESBIAN ROOMMATE case in Madison, Wisconsin, that has been pending since 1989 was finally given a hearing this past fall. In a decision dated December 27, 1991, Madison Equal Opportunities Commission hearing examiner Sheilah O. Jakobson found that Anne Hacklander Ready and Maureen Rowe unlawfully discriminated against lesbian Caryl Sprague by refusing to rent her a room "because of her sexual orientation." Ready and Rowe were sued under a local ordinance that reads, in part, "it shall be an unfair discrimination practice and unlawful and hereby prohibited: (a) For any person having the right of . . . transfer, sale, rental, or lease of any housing . . . to refuse to transfer, sell, rent, or lease . . . [to] any person such housing because of . . . sexual orientation." As the sole leaseholder on a house whose owner lived abroad, Anne Ready had the authority to sublease. With this in mind and interpreting the ordinance narrowly, the Madison EOC decided to apply this statute to roommates.

This interpretation does not seem to have been the intent of the lawmakers who wrote the ordinance. The case was well-publicized locally in 1989, and in response the Madison City Council voted 19 to 2 on September 19 of that year to amend the ordinance specifically to except roommates from liability. According to Bruce M. Davey, the attorney for Ready and Rowe, there is a similar Wisconsin law that has not been interpreted to apply to roommates, "because of serious constitutional infringements," he said. At issue are the rights of privacy and free association guaranteed by the Constitution.

In 1989 at a meeting set to investigate Caryl Sprague's complaint, the Madison EOC drew up an "Agreement in Principle" that ordered Ready and Rowe to pay Sprague $1,000 in damages. Ready and Rowe were also ordered to write Sprague "an acceptable letter of apology," told that the EOC reserved the right to monitor their rental practices for two years, and instructed to attend a two-hour sensitivity training class conducted by the United, a homosexual group. After an emotional discussion at which Ready and Rowe were not represented by a lawyer, they signed the agreement. They then contacted Bruce Davey, who questioned the agreement's validity and requested a formal hearing before an EOC examiner. That hearing was finally held on October 14, 1991.

Caryl Sprague declined through her lawyer to be interviewed. According to Jakobson's decision, Sprague testified during the hearing that she felt humiliated at losing the apartment and suffered from crying spells and an inability to concentrate. For her emotional distress, Jakobson awarded her $2,000 in compensatory damages. Sprague was awarded another $1,000 in punitive damages, plus $300 to reimburse her for a lost security deposit she placed on an apartment later that summer. Ready and Rowe have also been ordered to pay Sprague's attorney's fees, which as of this writing have not been totaled. Christopher Kelly, Sprague's lawyer, declined to give an estimate of what his fees will be, but conceded that they will run to several thousand dollars.

Jakobson's decision does not discuss the city council's intent in writing the ordinance. Nor does it mention the council's 1989 revision of the law to exclude roommates. As for the case for privacy, Jakobson stated that Ready and Rowe lost their constitutional protection "when they entered the public marketplace by advertising for unknown women to live with them." She cited the Supreme Court's 1987 decision in *Rotary Club of Duarte* v. *International Rotary Club* to buttress her argument, and did not draw a distinction between the privacy rights of a social organization and the privacy rights of individuals in their own home. Ready and Rowe "sought strangers as roommates by entering the marketplace, admittedly to gain an economic benefit by reducing their share of the $740 per month rent for the house. Consequently, I find that there was no intimate relationship subject to constitutional protection for the right of free association," Jakobson wrote.

Bruce Davey maintained that his clients will appeal—first before the entire Equal Opportunities Commission, and then in civil court. "We're going to keep fighting," said Anne Ready.

—*Katherine Dalton*

GOVERNOR JIM FLORIO'S $2.8-billion tax increase two years ago left New Jersey taxpayers with no recourse, despite efforts over the last 16 years to make the initiative and referendum process available to frustrated citizens. The issue was revived again last year by Republican Assemblyman Robert Franks, who sponsored a bill that would allow individuals, with petitions in hand, to propose legislation or dismantle laws, an option available in 23 other states.

According to the *New York Times*, opposition to last year's initiative and referendum proposal was spearheaded by the powerful Democratic Speaker, Joseph Doria, Jr. Rather than face election-year reprisal by voting it down, both houses agreed to stall it in committee.

As promised, Franks reintroduced the proposal last January, and with Republicans in control of both the Senate and Assembly, it was given a warmer reception. But when Governor Florio added his endorsement the New Jersey Education Association went on the offensive. Executive Director Robert Bonazzi candidly urged the teachers' union to attack the plan because it "will provide an impetus for our enemies to organize at the local level . . . for lower taxes, for spending caps, against school budgets, and to eliminate our tenure rights."

The initiative and referendum proposal is expected to be approved by August for inclusion on the November ballot, at which time voters will decide for themselves whether they can decide for themselves.

—*Emily Adams*

PAUL GOTTFRIED and Elizabethtown College's Institute for Business and Public Ethics have become the new publishers of *This World: A Journal of Religion and Public Life*. It will initially be published only once a year. The first issue, entitled "Democracy in Theory and Practice," appeared this winter and can be ordered by writing the institute at Elizabethtown College, Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania 17022.

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by Samuel Francis

The Buchanan Revolution, Part 1

Nothing churns the entrails of the professional democracy priesthood more than the rancid taste of a little real democracy. Since one of the main dishes on the 1992 political menu has been a generous serving of authentic popular rebellion, the sages have spent a good part of the last year lurching for their lavatories. The very same Brahmins who demand democracy in all its terrors in Peru and South Africa turned green at the prospect of Americans actually beginning to think about and support candidates, parties, and ideas all by themselves, and the self-appointed caste that tries to make sure nobody gets to see the wizards who run the country in the Emerald Cities of Washington and New York put their noggins together to keep the masses at bay.

Having worked themselves into a lather over David Duke all fall, the Brahmins were disappointed that the former Klansman failed to provide more sport once the campaign actually began, but the venom they had stored in their fangs for Mr. Duke they spent instead on what they took to be a reasonable facsimile in the person of Patrick J. Buchanan. Perennial Men of the People such as Jerry Brown and Tom Harkin inspired only amusement, but Mr. Buchanan's candidacy unleashed a flood of poison that rose higher every time he kissed another baby.

Though Mr. Buchanan never won a primary, he was the undoubted star of the presidential campaign, and what he did accomplish is something that few if any professional politicians have achieved since World War II. It is rare that any candidate challenging an incumbent President gains more than 10 to 12 percent of the popular vote in his own party's primaries, but there are some precedents for it. What is unheard of is for a challenger who is not a professional politician to win that many votes and indeed to take no less than a third of his party's supporters against a sitting chief executive. Mr. Buchanan has never held public office and has never before run for election for anything, yet in the primaries through Super Tuesday, he consistently won more than 30 percent of the vote against a man who has spent his entire life flapping from one public nest to another and who a year before had enjoyed such high levels of popular favor that most Americans who didn't support him probably didn't know who the President was.

The conventional Brahminic interpretation of the Buchanan following is that it was a "protest vote," a phrase that explains little and raises several more questions than it answers. "Protest" against what exactly, and why should any large number of voters be disposed to protest? To be sure, there are perpetual malcontents in every party who are ever disposed to vote against whoever holds office, but no serious political observer believes that they compose anything like a third of a major party that has held the White House for 12 years.

The reason for Mr. Buchanan's strong showing in the primaries is closely related to the reasons for the extraordinarily poisonous verbiage directed at him from the day he announced his candidacy. Indeed, the one is a kind of mirror image of the other, for it was exactly what attracted the rank-and-file voters to him that repelled the Brahmins and their entourage. Of course, there were several different specific elements that fed the smear campaign against him. Zionists and many American Jews appeared to be obsessed by the delusion that Mr. Buchanan was an anti-Semite, had denied that the slaughter of Jews by the Nazis had occurred, and had expressed admiration for Adolf Hitler. For obvious political reasons, the Bush administration, usually on the sly, seized every opportunity to encourage such lies, even as Mr. Bush and Secretary of State James Baker were raked by similar accusations because of their opposition to Israeli housing policy on the West Bank.

In addition to the prepossessions of some Jewish obsessives such as Abe Rosenthal, Norman Podhoretz, and Charles Krauthammer (but by no means all or even the general run of Jews, since some of Mr. Buchanan's most outspoken defenders against these lies were themselves Jewish, such as *Human Events'* Alan Ryskind, Murray Rothbard, Paul Gottfried, Robert Novak, and Michael Kinsley), there was the general fury directed by the left against any serious conservative or antiliberal. In this respect, the vilification crusade against Mr. Buchanan was not qualitatively different from those of the past directed against Joe McCarthy, Richard Nixon, Barry Goldwater, Ronald Reagan, and Jesse Helms.

But the canards cast at Buchanan reached a pitch that earlier ones tossed at prominent conservatives had never attained, and when supposed conservative leaders such as William Bennett and Newt Gingrich joined in the baying of the pack, it was clear that something different was going on and that the authors of these mendacities had perceived some quality in the Buchanan movement that disturbed them more than usual.

What they perceived was in fact the emergence of a new identity in American politics, one that the high science of managed and manipulated democracy is not yet quite prepared to handle and which is therefore more of a threat to the established powers than almost any previous challenge from the castrati of right and left. Despite his background as the nation's most prominent conservative commentator, Mr. Buchanan presented himself as a bit more than a conventional conservative candidate, and the really significant aspects of his campaign were precisely those that departed from the mainstream of what has declaimed itself as conservatism in recent years. The themes of "America First" and the "Middle American Revolution" that Mr. Buchanan articulated appealed to a particular identity, embodied in the concepts of America as a nation with discrete national political and economic interests and of the Middle American stratum as the political, economic, and cultural core of the nation. In adopting such themes, Mr. Buchanan decisively broke with the universalist and cosmopolitan ideology that has been masquerading as conservatism and that has marched up and down the land armed with a variety of universalist slogans and standards: natural rights; equality as a

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conservative principle; the export of global democracy as the primary goal of American foreign policy; unqualified support for much of the civil rights agenda, unlimited immigration, and free trade; the defense of one version or another of "one-worldism"; enthusiastic worship of an abstract "opportunity" and unrestricted economic growth through acquisitive individualism; and the adulation of the purported patron saints of all these causes in the persons of Abraham Lincoln and Martin Luther King, Jr.

None of these idols has much to do with the central task of an authentic conservatism, which is the survival and enhancement of a particular people and its institutionalized cultural expressions. All of them are instead universalist banners that can be fluttered by Pakistanis and Patagonians as easily as by Americans, and whatever their merits (which are very few) they contain nothing to distinguish those who wave them as a particular people, a particular nation, or a particular culture. Collectively they constitute what Professor Claes Ryn of Catholic University has recently called the "New Jacobinism," and it is hardly accidental that their more literate exponents (such as Allan Bloom) explicitly and properly root their creed in the Enlightenment of the 18th century, an era that historically has been repugnant to traditional conservatism but is intimately embraced by the universalist cosmo-conservatives.

Nor is it surprising that the political left is enchanted by this redefinition of the right in universalist terms, since the redefinition promises a right that is philosophically indistinguishable from the left itself, a right that can sooner or later (probably sooner) be pushed to the same practical political conclusions that the left has reached from the same premises, at which point there will be no serious ideological opposition to the left and its dominance at all.

Hence, both the left and the cosmo-conservatives were eager to join forces in trying to muzzle Mr. Buchanan's "New Nationalism" as soon as it began to bark, for they correctly saw it as a threat to the cultural uniformity and hegemony that the left and the universalist right demand for themselves, and it was the anti-universalist aspects of Mr. Buchanan's message that informed the most notorious denunciation of him by Mr. Bennett last winter. Mr. Bennett's accusation, in response to a question from George Will, was provoked by a column by Mr. Krauthammer attacking Mr. Buchanan, and the whole trio of cosmo-conservatives denounced Mr. Buchanan's "flirting with fascism"—that is, his assertions of economic nationalism, his criticisms of unrestricted immigration, and his supposed "racism" in criticizing Israel and defending a foreign policy centered on American national interests. To cosmo-conservatism, this is precisely what fascism is, the invocation of the claims of the particular over those of the universal.

In an earlier column, Mr. Will had criticized Mr. Buchanan for failing to "understand what distinguishes American nationality." "Ours," Mr. Will intoned, "is, as the first Republican President said, a nation dedicated to a proposition." It is the characteristic proposition of political universalism that the heritage and meaning of historically distinct nations, cultures, and peoples can be captured in and by propositions that are universal in their application, and the rejection of such propositions is to the universalist mind at best tribalism and at worst the brick from which gas chambers are built. The inconvenient historical truth is that genocide and modern ideological tyranny have far more often been the product of universalism itself, especially its egalitarian incarnations, than any assertion of particularist loyalties and identity.

But the main threat presented by Mr. Buchanan and his own tribe was not merely their expression of an anti-universalist doctrine and agenda but the wide appeal these expressions enjoyed. The irony of the New Nationalism is that its explicit particularist and nationalist appeal to distinctively Middle American values and interests lifts it out of the ghettos and cloisters that have been the natural habitat of the American right since World War II. Mr. Buchanan suddenly found himself speaking to sympathetic audiences of factory workers, students, and middle-income voters whose interest in and comprehension of the esoterica of conservative metaphysics has always been as minimal as their commitment to the sonorities of the left. For the first time since the Depression perhaps, there loomed the prospect of a unified people transcending the artificial and obsolete framework of right and left and militantly intent on dislodging the reigning elites to take power back to their own bosoms for their own purposes. Today this is known as "fascism"; it used to be called "democracy," which is the real reason the left-right establishment is so frightened by it.

Yet in the end, for all their lies, there is not a great deal the incumbent elites can do about Buchananism, and they must be experiencing much the same exhilarating emotions that French and Russian aristocrats enjoyed when they listened to the somber sounds of tumbrels in the streets of Paris and St. Petersburg. No one imagined that their campaign of vilification had much political consequence, and it was mainly through reliance on the natural advantages of presidential incumbency that the Buchanan revolution was momentarily frustrated.

But no one should imagine either that the revolution is over. Indeed, Mr. Buchanan's presidential campaign was only the opening shot, and whether he runs again or does or does not eventually win the White House, he has unleashed a force in American politics that cannot be bridled. Its main mission now is to embark on a long march that will popularize and legitimize its claims to be the vehicle of a reborn national consciousness, and that mission is only in part political in the narrow sense. As a great global democrat once said, a house divided against itself cannot stand, and the main message of the Middle American Revolution is that the real masters of the house are ready to repossess it and drive out the usurpers. ◁▷

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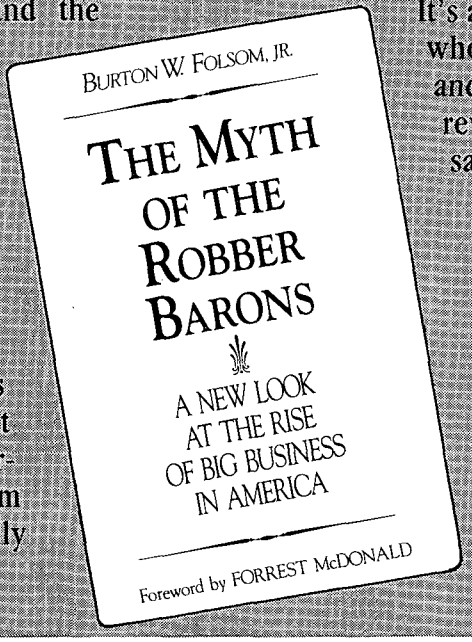
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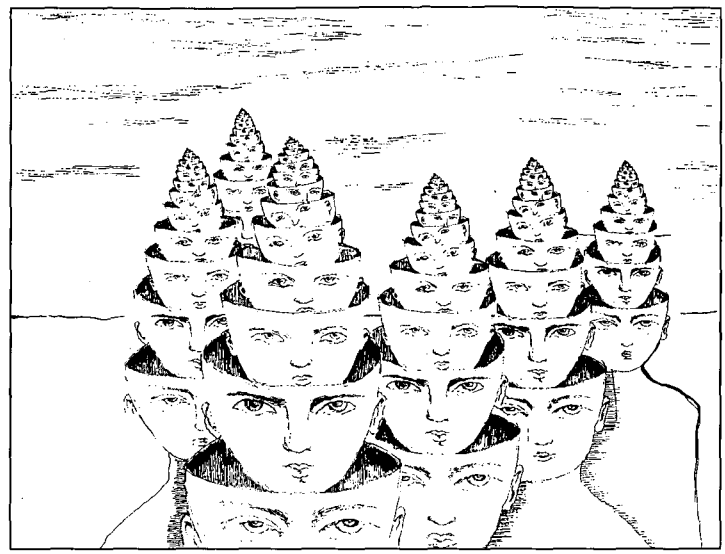

Anna Mycek-Wodecki

New World Disorder

by Thomas Fleming

The Berlin wall may not be the only casualty of the Soviet Union's disintegration. Recent elections in several European states have given evidence that nationalism is reemerging as the dominant political force in the West. Of course, "nationalism," which in the broadest sense includes any assertion of tribal or national identity, is already the spark for revolution and civil conflict all over the Third World and more recently in the former dominions of the Soviet Union, but Western Europeans thought that they had gone beyond all that and that they could indulge a smile for the few fanatics in lederhosen who danced strange dances and gabbled ancient songs in dialects that had not been spoken for centuries. Only a dinosaur like Mrs. Thatcher would oppose Britain's full participation in the European Community, and little was to be feared from a few dozen Cornish-speakers who entertained the tourists with their fantasies of independence.

However, recent events in Britain, Sweden, Germany, France, and Italy suggest that the snake is only Scotched (whatever that means), not killed. I say Scotched advisedly, since the Scots may play a key role in determining the future of the United Kingdom.

Nobody except John Major thought he was going to win an election on his own, and the head of the Liberal Democrats (the United Kingdom's third largest party) was already demanding proportional representation as the price of his cooperation. In the end, however, the average English voter decided he really could not stomach Neal Kinnoch. The campaign was remarkably devoid of issues. Labour had hoped to make health care their rallying cry but were soon bogged down in a debate over a campaign film in which they attempted to exploit a little girl's long wait for an ear operation.

In the end, I suspect, the election was a referendum on Mr. Kinnoch and his principles. Kinnoch had, over the years, opposed virtually every measure to defend Britain against the Soviets or to assert the national will. His bright vision for Britain's future was of a happy little socialist province of the European Community. That may be exactly where Britain is headed under Mr. Major—try to imagine an articulate and intelligent version of George Bush. I took my 12-year-old daughter to the Tower of London about two weeks before the election, and we listened to one of the warders pointing out the usual attractions. "Are there any Americans here," he asks. Seeing the hands rising up between the herds of Japanese, he bellows: "Welcome home."

It is an old wheeze, and I wonder how many American visitors do regard England or even Britain as a kind of home. Before I left, my wife—an Anglophile hardened in her vice—assured me that no American could escape a *nostalgia* for England. It is true that we cannot escape seeing our oldest friends, everywhere we go in the country. Every chapel in Oxford contains the bones of a poet that has delighted us or a scholar that has wracked us in our student days. In the churchyard at Swinbrook, Nancy Mitford is buried. The church at Burford is a great monument to the maternal grandfather of Viscount Falkland who is portrayed in a kneeling figure. At Chichester cathedral, in addition to its poet-bishop Henry King, we see the Arundel tomb commemorated in one of Philip Larkin's most beautiful poems, while Winchester is home to a procession of worthies from Alfred the Great to Jane Austen.

If we cease to be English, we Americans are compelled to live in a state of arrested adolescence. Being English, if only by adoption, we are compelled to sympathize with our mother country in its national struggles. The Tower is as good a place as any from which to contemplate English history. Like all

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the tower warders, our guide is a retired sergeant major and expresses himself with the bluntness of an American marine DI. He explains to the group that the Tower was one of a series of fortresses built to keep the French out, "And if you ask me, we still feel the same way, despite all this talk about the Chunnel."

I heard similar (albeit more cautious) expressions from some of the Tory journalists I spoke with, but the enemy was no longer France or even Russia. It was Germany, the state that was using the European Community as a front group for its program of economic and political domination on the continent. America had saved Europe from the Germans twice already in this century. Were we willing to do it again?

One editorial writer was very candid with me. He had been a correspondent in the States for several years and had concluded that Americans, unlike Europeans, had no settled national identity and were, as a consequence, free of all the jealousies and animosities that made it impossible for Britain to accept immigrants with good grace. "When I'm in America, I feel just as if I am American and that I am accepted as one. That would never happen to a foreigner here." I suggested that this might have more to do with the essential kindness and friendliness of Americans, which is one of the characteristics of our national identity.

He disagreed and went on to argue that only Americans now had the guts to stand up to aggression, and that it was still our destiny to take up the white man's burden. The English, unfortunately, have never been able to shake off their imperial attitudes. One English-American journalist told me recently that he opposed the imperialism of his adopted country, the United States, because he had grown up under the shadow of lost empire and seen the disastrous effects on English morale. But I wonder if it is only in decline that empires sap the national vigor.

If you can push through the crowds at Westminster Abbey, you will be treated to as gaudy a display of imperial vulgarity as you could ever hope to imagine. It is the real Euro-Disney. Of course there are the tombs of Plantagenets, Tudors, and Stuarts, but almost cheek by jowl with the patriots and tyrants are memorials to plutocracy and power. The "poets' corner" ought to be a refreshing change from all the ostentation, but the English have not been content simply to bury a few notable poets. They are clearly embarrassed by the preponderance of second-raters whose reputations have not endured. History must, therefore, be corrected, and memorial plaques have been installed to commemorate writers who have not actually been buried in the Abbey.

The crypt at St. Paul's is almost as garish as Westminster Abbey. What kind of crypt is as clean, organized, and bright as the athletic facilities of a Big Ten university? It is good for a nation to remember its heroes, and my daughter pitied Americans who, no matter what they might achieve in their lifetimes, what sacrifices they might make for their country, will be forgotten within a generation of their death. I was, nonetheless, disturbed by the tendency toward national self-glorification.

But if the Tories are nationalists when it comes to the United Kingdom, they feel quite differently about the Scots. Recent opinion polls indicated that a majority of Scots wanted a new deal within or without the United Kingdom. Most Tories put this down to greed and treachery. The Scots merely want to hog the North Sea oil and are looking for a better deal with the European Community than they think they can get from London.

Despite the evidence of widespread nationalist sentiment in Scotland—and a series of very effective ads with Sean Connery—the Scots National Party was not able to convince the voters to break with Labour. But John Major's success may, somewhat paradoxically, have the effect of driving voters in the northern kingdom into the arms of the Scots Nats.

In Italy, the picture is somewhat clearer. Plagued by debt, financial scandals, and rumors of ties to organized crime, the governing coalition of Christian Democrats, Socialists, and two smaller parties failed to secure a parliamentary majority in the March elections. In a symbolic sense the big winner was Umberto Bossi and the Lega Lombarda, which has gone from less than 2 percent in 1987 to almost 9 percent in 1992. In northern Italy they went up to the high teens and even succeeded in capturing Milan. Bossi now heads the second largest party in the north and the fourth largest party in Italy. What his Lega Nord coalition wants is a new constitution modeled on Swiss federalism in which the various ethnic regions of Italy will be able to express their cultural identity and control their economic and political life.

The part of Bossi's program that has attracted the most negative publicity is his strong stand against immigration. In the *Land* elections in Germany surprising gains were registered by right-wing/anti-immigrant parties, particularly by the Republicans who polled almost 11 percent in Baden-Württemberg. In France Jean-Marie Le Pen's *Front National*, although it failed to do as well as the leader had predicted, went from 9.7 percent in 1988 to 14 percent on the strength of a single issue.

I put the question of Le Pen's significance to a variety of French intellectuals. One member of the Catholic right explained to me that Muslims now enjoy religious privileges in the work place that are not granted to Catholics. While taking issue with many particulars of the Le Pen program, he told me that it was the duty of every patriotic Frenchman to support his efforts.

This view is not widely shared. France's leading political intellectual insisted that Le Pen's failure to capture Nice meant that his party had run out of steam. "What about the immigration issue," I asked. That, I was told, is a different matter. The French are neither xenophobic nor racist, he explained, and they have successfully absorbed waves of Spanish, Italian, and even Polish immigrants. Muslims are a different story. They don't want to be assimilated. On the contrary, they want all the advantages of French citizenship along with special privileges as members of a minority. Under Mitterrand, the hypocrisy has become insufferable. "Suppose someone steals your bicycle. The police say they can do nothing. When you tell them, 'but it was an Arab; I know where you can get him,' the police call you a Nazi. It is absurd."

These sentiments were echoed by everyone I spoke with, including one distinguished editor who declared the problem was insoluble. The Muslims could not, in all likelihood, be deported, and they did not wish to be assimilated. In the old days, France could take in large numbers of immigrants, because the three great institutions of national life—the Church, the army, and the schools—could be relied upon to Frenchify the children in short order. But none of these institutions has retained its sense of purpose. French schools are now al-

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most as bad as American schools, and the Church? Well, as I explained to the Catholic rightist, the worst elements of Protestantism now appear to be controlling the Catholic Church, at least in the United States, and I predicted that the successor to John Paul II will take the irony out of the expression, "more Catholic than the Pope."

Anticommunism was the principle that gave legitimacy to the postwar regimes of the West. The coming age is going to require new principles of legitimacy and new measures of national identity and national purpose.

E Finito il Dopoguerra ("It's over, the Postwar") took up the whole of an April cover of *Il Sabato* (a prominent Catholic weekly from Milan). Anticommunism was more than the glue holding together social democrats (in the U.S. this includes so-called liberals and neoconservatives) with classical liberals and conservatives. Anticommunism was the principle that gave legitimacy to the postwar regimes of the West. The coming age is going to require new principles of legitimacy and new measures of national identity and national purpose. If we can judge from what is going on in Italy, France, Germany, and Austria, it will not be either democracy or capitalism that will supply the glue, either in the East or the West.

One perennial source of political unity is conflict, the need to put up a united front against a common enemy. Herein lay the strength of anticommunism as a bond within and among Western nations. In some European countries the common enemy appears to be the immigrants, particularly those who arrive from the most exotic cultures. As Christians we must deplore any manifestation of unreasoning hostility toward outsiders, but as members of a nation we may be prepared to tolerate a little xenophobia if the only alternative is some sort of cosmopolitan helplessness. As civilized men and women we turn up our noses at the lower orders who engage in Jap-bashing or Paki-bashing, and we are right to hold ourselves to the highest standards. However, Western societies, as we all know, are far from aristocratic. America, in particular, is a peasant culture that can hardly be expected to display patrician virtues.

Lower-class xenophobia is the price we pay for patriotism. It cannot be helped. We boast much of the toleration that now exists between Catholics and Protestants, but is this the fruit of a deepening faith that is willing to overlook minor differences among Christians, or rather a fungus growing on the decaying stump of Christendom? When simple people believe in something, they are willing to die and to kill for what they believe, and no one who regards patriotism as a virtue can afford to shed crocodile tears over the increased level of xenophobic "incidents." If responsible statesmen can take the lead in solving the problems of immigration, it will be possible to avoid the violent solutions that will inevitably be imposed by demagogues. Otherwise we may soon come to feel nostalgic for the amiable and moderate Jean-Marie Le Pen or the cosmetologized klansman, David Duke.

The French (like the Germans and the Italians) are beginning to ask themselves several important questions: Who is and who is not a Frenchman? Who can become one and how? The answers to these questions will be embedded, ultimately, in immigration and nationalization codes. The more generous we are in admitting strangers into our midst, the more rigorous we must be in defining the moral and cultural characteristics of citizenship. The French and, to a still greater extent, the Byzantines were generous in admitting strangers to residence and citizenship, but both held up strenuous requirements for assimilation. France and the Byzantine Empire both defined themselves more by culture than by race, and so long as a man absorbed the language, practiced the religion, and fought for the nation he might be considered a citizen.

In America as in France, neither church nor army nor schools can unite our divided nation, and here we are not even sure that we have English as a common bond. Most ancient city-states were jealous of their citizenship rights, but even so they defined full citizenship largely in terms of shared educational experience. Athenian boys, starting in the late fourth century, had to go through a two-year period of military training and service in preparation for their lives as citizens, but it was in Sparta where such a system was taken to extreme lengths. The Spartan *agoge* was a rigorous survivalist course that was among the wonders of the ancient world. They occasionally admitted the sons of distinguished foreigners, and those who survived could become Spartan citizens.

If the Spartans went overboard in the direction of severity, we have gone in the opposite direction with softness. If ours must be, as we are always told by our betters, a multiracial and multiethnic society, then we have no choice but to impose a common culture. But what sort of a culture should this be? Am I recommending that we set up a national curriculum, based on "Western values" and democratic principles? This is the suggestion of Bill Bennett, Diane Ravitch, and Checker Finn, who think that a few dozen good books combined with the celebration of Mr. King's birthday can be made to inculcate the virtues of a new world order. The content of their curricula is never more than a half-inch deep, because their point is not to introduce our young barbarians to civilization but to indoctrinate them into universal principles. Oh, they say they will include *Macbeth* and Huck Finn along with Mayan epics and African work songs, but all of their proposals amount to little more than liberalized versions of leftist multiculturalism.

To describe this curriculum as neofascist, as I have done in the past, is accurate only up to a point, since the architect of Mussolini's education reforms was the idealist philosopher Giovanni Gentile, and our own reformers could scarcely read one of his books, much less write them.

The only curriculum that will do us any good is a curriculum that will turn Mexicans and Japanese into Anglo-Americans. Setting aside the importance of the classical curriculum—which is essential for our leadership class—every potential citizen, domestic or imported, ought to be given a thorough course, year after year, of English history and English literature as preparation for the comparatively short period of time in which we have played a part in the civilization of English-speakers. It is only our common Englishness—in my case, mostly assumed rather than innate—that can tie us together, but if the multiculturalists of left and right have their way, there will be nothing but the power and wealth of the state that binds us together in the iron chains of servitude.

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Horace II, xvi

by Jack Flavin

"Otium divos rogat in patenti . . ."

Travellers caught out in the Aegean pray
The gods for calm seas when no stars light their way
And dark storm clouds hide the moon from mariners
In a pall of gray.

Even battle-hardened warriors from Thrace
And Medes with ornate quivers may sue for peace
That neither jewels nor gold nor even royal
Purple may purchase.

Neither the lictor's rods that clear the consul's
Way of rabble nor a king's ransom expels
The mind's troubles, for cares hover too above
Palatial panels.

He lives well on little whose modest table
Is laid with salt that shines from a paternal
Cellar and whose slumbers no fear can trouble
No mean greed dispel.

Why strive for so many goals in our brief span?
Why should we seek lands warmed by a different sun?
Can an exile from his country flee his own
Self, his life, as well?

Dull care will climb aboard warships beaked with bronze.
It rides with squadrons of cavalry, outruns
Fleet deer, swifter than the East Wind that drives rains
And clouds before it.

Let the soul rejoice in present happiness
Nor care what lies ahead. A tough grin at fate
Will temper bitterness. There's no such thing as
Pure, unclouded bliss.

Death stole away illustrious Achilles.
Age reduced Tithonus to senility.
What Fortune in an hour extends to you, She
May withhold from me.

You own a hundred lowing herds of cattle.
A blooded mare neighs in your racing stable.
The wool you wear is African, dyed double,
To keep you from chill.

Fate, ever chary, has lived up to Her name.
She's given me a small farm for my domain,
Some slight inspiration from a Greek Muse and
For the mob, disdain.

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Anna Mycek-Wodecki

The Patriotic Impulse

by John Lukacs

I must now, in public, repeat what I privately expressed to the directors of the Ingersoll Foundation: my gratitude for their having chosen me as the present recipient of this honorific award. And I must add another source of my gratification, which is the very phrasing of it: the Richard M. Weaver Award for Scholarly Letters. How much more preferable Scholarly Letters are to their converse of "Literary Scholarship" nowadays, of which there is an unpleasant surfeit, and when there is inflation of what goes under the name of "literary scholarship" while the art of scholarly letters has become lamentably rare. And since it is customary at such an occasion to attempt some kind of a summary of one's philosophy, let me recall the title of Weaver's famous little book. *Ideas Have Consequences*—of course, since I am a philosophical idealist as well as a historian. But as a historian, I must constantly consider consequences. Events—a word that I prefer to "facts"—are revealed to us in a lesser way than they are seen by God; we can judge their importance or their significance (these two are not necessarily the same) only because of their consequences. So it is not only ideas that lead to consequences but consequences, too, lead to ideas—and from this my, perhaps unorthodox, sense of history follows.

I shall sum up its component realities very briefly. I say "realities," because ideas are realities, because the opposites are not the realist and the idealist view of the world and of human nature but the idealist and the materialist one. There is my belief that history is not a science; that it is not an art, either, except in the sense that if history is an art, then so are all the other sciences. That human life is more than a material, that it is an artistic proposition; but that an artistic proposition, too, is inseparable from some kind of a spiritual one. That life is more than a product, that it is a task. That what matters in this world is what people think and believe—and that the material organization of the world is the superstructure of *that*: that is, a view of the structure of human events that is the very opposite not only of Marx but also of Adam Smith. That our problem is that of our consciousness and not of our so-called subconscious, since we can only think and speak about things that we know, and since the modern psychological categories of the "subconscious" are nothing else but projections, and often illegitimate projections, of intellectual categorizations of our consciousness into something that we do not know. That "subconscious" will not do as a definition to what is unconscious in our lives and in our minds: *that* truly exists, while the suggestion of the former to the effect that what is deep and hidden constitutes the truth, does not. That—and here I depart from categorical idealism—what men do to ideas is more important than what ideas do to men, because human ideas do not exist apart from their incarnation in human beings. That mind influences, indeed, that it intrudes into matters as much as or even more than matter can influence mind. That this is why history differs from evolution. That throughout history the influence of mind on matter increases, and that we must be conscious of this, which is probably why the evolution of consciousness is the only kind of meaningful evo-

John Lukacs is a professor of history at Chestnut Hill College in Pennsylvania. Last November he received the Ingersoll Foundation's 1991 Richard M. Weaver Award for Scholarly Letters, for which this was his acceptance speech.

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lution there is. That consequently history, as indeed life, is not a part of science but that everything that is human, including science, is part of the history of mankind. That therefore we must reject—or, more precisely, that we have outgrown—the deterministic categories not only of Marx and Freud but probably also of Darwin and Einstein.

You will understand that these convictions (they are convictions rather than opinions) and their frequent expositions in my writing of history have not been suited to endear me to the managers of intellectual commerce in our times. I have learned to live with this handicap—for handicap it is, and will so remain for some time—through a fairly wearisome but not altogether unhappy life. But I have chosen to speak tonight about another predicament, a predicament that involves more than my professional career. This is the predicament of my provenance. It involves the problem where I belong; and where I find my home.

I think that I am the first recipient of the Weaver Award who is not a native American. I need not say how much I appreciate the, very American, generosity of those who have tendered this award to me. Yet there are many American citizens, not born in this country, who have received all kinds of awards because of all kinds of achievements. But I dare to say that my case is different: because the instrument of my achievement as a historian has been the English language. That history consists of words rather than of "facts"—or, more precisely, that no fact can have any meaning independent of the words in which it is thought, expressed, spoken, taught, or written, is an essential principle of my writings and teaching of history. But in my case there is more to that.

I am very much aware of the condition that I belong to two countries, to two continents, perhaps to two worlds. I have lived in this country for two-thirds of my life, indeed, for three-fourths of my conscious life; and yet I belong to my native country Hungary as much as I belong to my adopted country of Pennsylvania. This recognition impressed me again and again this past spring when I spent five months in my native country, living and teaching there. But it was not independent from another recognition: that America, more precisely, Pennsylvania, and Chester County within Pennsylvania, is my *home*. This is so because of my American family, my American wife, my American children; this is so because of my protracted (and nowadays perhaps unusual) residence in the same place for about four decades. My participation in the affairs of my township, attempting to defend its landscape, belongs here, too, because of my affection for *my* part of this country, whereby I come to the essence of the matter. I think that I am a patriot while I am not a nationalist (in a passage in *Mein Kampf* Hitler said the very opposite about himself); and I think that this republic is in great and dire want of fewer nationalists and of more patriots, (though not necessarily of the odd kind such as myself). A passage by Simone Weil expresses this poignantly. "We must not have any love other than charity. A nation cannot be an object of charity. But a country can be such, as landscape bearing traditions which are eternal. Every country can be that." To this I add that charitable love is human and not natural; spiritual and not merely material. Nature has, indeed, it feels, no charity of its own. That is why I am opposed not only to those so-called capitalists who want to cover this land with more cement and more concrete but also to those so-called environmentalists who have no feeling for landscape but who think that nature and civilization are opposites, who think that the love of nature consists of the adoration and preservation of wilderness.

When Dr. Johnson said, "Patriotism is the last refuge of scoundrels," he meant nationalism not patriotism, since the word *nationalism*, in English, did not yet exist. (It is at least interesting that the *Oxford English Dictionary* marks its first appearance in English within the same decade of *communism* and *capitalism*.) Nationalism is a modern phenomenon. Nationalist phenomena appear of course earlier in history, too; but modern nationalism is essentially different from patriotism,

Patriotism is traditionalist; nationalism is ideological. Patriotism is rooted to the land; nationalism to the mythical image of a people, of a community that so often is not a real community. Patriotism is not a substitute for religion, whereas nationalism often is.

which is why I must distinguish the two. This is no place for a historical or even semantic analysis of the distinction between them. Except that I must sum up the essentials, because they have affected, and continue to affect, myself. Patriotism grows from a sense of belonging to a particular country; it is confident rather than self-conscious; it is essentially defensive. Nationalism is self-conscious rather than confident; it is aggressive, and suspicious of all other people within the same nation who do not seem to agree with some of the popular nationalist ideology. Patriotism is traditionalist; nationalism is ideological. Patriotism is rooted to the land; nationalism to the mythical image of a people, of a community that so often is not a real community. Patriotism is not a substitute for religion, whereas nationalism often is. It may fill the emotional needs of insufficiently rooted people. It may be combined with hatred—and, as Chesterton said, it is not love (which is always personal and particular) but hatred that may unite otherwise very disparate men and women. Or, as Duff Cooper once put it, "the jingo nationalist is always the first to denounce his fellow countrymen as traitors."

Here is the source of my disagreements with some of our conservatives with whom I otherwise tend to agree about many things. I shall not expound on the strange tendency to exalt the virtues of untrammeled financial speculation, the virtues of inhuman technologies, and the dislike of conservation by many who otherwise identify themselves as "conservatives." I am thinking of phrases and ideas such as, "What is good for America is good for the world"; or "Make the world safe for democracy"—once liberal and progressive (and, when you think of it, rather revolutionary) ideas expressed by Woodrow Wilson, which seem to have been accepted and propagated wholeheartedly by some of our conservative ideologues and spokesmen in our times. No, ladies and gentlemen: what is good for America is good for America; it is not our task to make the world safe for democracy; and democracy all over the world may make it a very unsafe thing indeed. When I read the proposition of a now very eminent and self-

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proclaimed neoconservative spokeswoman that "the United States should be the policeman of the world," I am stunned and shocked. When I read an eminent conservative and self-proclaimed traditionalist lady exclaim that "God gave America the atom bomb," I find not the slightest trace of that Christian humility that should behoove a conservative, let alone a traditionalist.

I am uncomfortable, too, with the kind of fellow immigrant who soon becomes an unabashed American nationalist; whose knowledge of American history and of the English language is not really sufficient but who proclaims that on these shores he was newly born. I read one of them years ago and he made me shudder. They had asked him where he was born, and he said: "I was born when I landed in the United States of America." I am wearied as I read the writings of "conservative" ideologues born in Bessarabia, cheered on by those native neoconservative Americans whose vision of American history begins with Ellis Island. Yet I was also set back a bit a few weeks ago when I read a review of a biography of a different kind of immigrant, of the late Vladimir Nabokov with whom I have at least one thing in common, which is our love for the English language. His admiring biographer wrote of Mr. and Mrs. Nabokov as they had elected to leave America for good when financial success permitted them to do so. "They would always remain proudly American, but after this first departure, they would never settle in America again." Well, good luck to them, and they indeed deserved some; but an American passport does not a proud American make.

Some of you may, at this point, find that I am a difficult man to please. I only ask you to believe me when I say that this is not so, or at least I think it is not so. I am near the end of my remarks; but there is one more matter that impinges on the impulse of my patriotism. This is my love for the English language that is my language now—and not merely an acquired linguistic skill, or a useful instrument for the sake of practical communication. I wrote about this matter in my *Confessions of an Original Sinner*. It is a lifelong love affair with the English language. I have been married to it now, and there can be no question of divorce, or even of a long separation. When I am away from an English-speaking country I begin to worry about the dangers of absence, of my unfaithfulness to that dear thing in my mind. It is a dear thing, like my wife. As an English writer once wrote: "our language is a sulky and inconstant beauty and at any moment it is important to know what liberties she will permit"—again like my wife.

In the beginning, as the Bible says, is the word: not the picture, not the idol, not the number. I am pleased to be paired this evening with Mario Vargas Llosa, some of whose books I read—not only for the sake of doing my homework for tonight but for the purpose of pleasure—and whose ideas of patriotism and language I find, most agreeably, to be similar to mine. I do not now refer only to his brave attempt in the public arena, to defend and restore the liberties of his country. I refer to his constant pursuit of truthful language in his prose, to his preoccupation with the mysterious beauties of language in his excellent essays, including his book on Flaubert, reflecting his traditionalist addiction to the values and standards of Western civilization that includes, too, his interest in history (of which he has given many indirect evidences and a direct one, his affectionate memory of one of his teachers, a fine historian, Señor Porras Barranochea). Vargas Llosa may know, as I do, Scott Fitzgerald's lovely phrase, that "America is the willingness of the heart." Tonight Vargas Llosa and I are the grateful beneficiaries of something as important, and perhaps, more rare—of an American willingness of the mind. ◈

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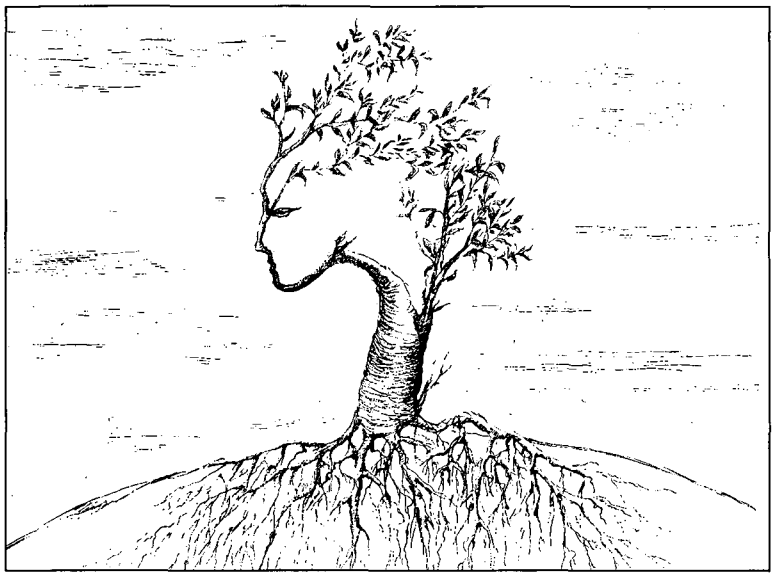
Consensual Citizenship

by Peter H. Schuck and Rogers M. Smith



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

The customary division of national laws of citizenship into the "principles" of *jus soli* (place of birth) or *jus sanguinis* (line of descent) denotes the objective criteria most often used to determine one's citizenship. But the conceptions of political membership that have vied for supremacy in Anglo-American law implicate a different, more fundamental dichotomy—one between the rival principles of ascription and consent. These principles reflect quite distinct understandings of the origins, nature, and obligations of political communities, and each promotes certain values that Anglo-American legislators and judges have embraced at different times and often simultaneously. At least since the 18th century, Anglo-American law has embodied compromise doctrines that combine certain features drawn from each conception in the hope of producing pragmatic satisfaction, if not theoretical coherence. As we shall see, however, the two principles are not so easily blended.

In its purest form, the principle of *ascription* holds that one's political membership is entirely and irrevocably determined by some objective circumstance—in this case, birth within a particular sovereign's allegiance or jurisdiction. According to this conception, human preferences do not affect political membership; only the natural, immutable circumstances of one's birth are considered relevant. The principle of *consent* advances radically different premises. It holds that political membership can result only from free individual choices. In the consensualist view, the circumstances of one's origins may of course influence one's preferences for political affiliation, but they are not determinative.

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English law assumed from antiquity that all persons born within the dominions of the crown, whether of English or alien parents, were English subjects. Yet neither members of the royal family nor the children of English subjects could lose any rights due to birth outside the king's domain. No theory of membership that could account for these diverse precedents was formally elaborated until 1608, when Sir Edward Coke in the landmark *Calvin's Case* elaborated "the first comprehensive theory of English subjectship." His theory based that status firmly on the ascriptive principle. Through it Coke established once and for all the common membership of Scots and Englishmen in one united community of allegiance, regardless of any contrary indications in any past or future man-made law. To reach this result, Coke appealed to natural law, thereby giving birthright political membership the strongest possible sanction.

Natural law dictated, he held, that one's political identity is automatically assigned by the circumstances of one's birth. Coke understood political identity as being at root a question of one's allegiance as a subject to some sovereign. At birth, every person acquired such an allegiance. The subject owed complete obedience and service; the sovereign owed physical protection and just governance. Being imposed by the eternal law of nature, which was prior to all man-made law, both obligations were perpetual and immutable. Expatriation and denationalization—termination of the allegiance between a natural-born subject and his sovereign by either the individual or the government—were considered contrary to natural law and therefore impossible for either party.

The ascriptive view of Coke, although deployed for particular political purposes, has more universal attractions. It captures a widely shared moral intuition: many persons feel indebted to those who have nurtured them, including the broader political community into which they were born, despite the fact that they did not initially choose to receive that

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aid. Because our community shapes our identity, our sense of who we are, it may indeed seem natural to feel that one belongs in one's country and owes it allegiance in a way that can never be entirely extinguished. Many also feel that the nation should take responsibility for all those who, through no fault of their own, depend upon it in their most vulnerable years. Indifference to the needs of infants is obviously cruel, and the ascriptive view promises protection to all those thus situated. On a more mundane level, ascription appears to provide clear, simple rules that avoid many complicated questions of nationality and allegiance.

But for all this, the ascriptive view entails several serious problems. First, it significantly constrains individual freedom, however one defines that concept. Birth binds one irrevocably to a particular community of allegiance. According to most modern notions of political freedom, it seems morally wrong to ascribe to an infant inescapable obligations that may, for example, eventually require him to violate his conscience or even jeopardize his life by participating in a war he thinks unjust. Second, ascription significantly constrains governmental control over membership and can compel the state to provide protection to those, most notably illegal aliens, whose entrance into the country it has actively endeavored to prevent. Finally, the formulations of the ascriptive principle provided by Coke create multiple allegiances. Coke explicitly permits weaker, more consensual, but still valid allegiances to coexist with the fundamental obligation to the sovereign who provided protection in one's infancy. When conflicts arise, the ascriptive view cannot resolve them. In *Calvin's Case*, for example, a sovereign wished to assert the primacy of natural subjectship, but in other circumstances he would have favored a different priority, emphasizing instead his claims to the overriding allegiance of children born of his subjects abroad, of naturalized subjects, or of resident aliens. Today, this problem persists in the ambiguous and inconsistent relationships created by dual citizenship.

The assaults on the medieval world of Coke that produced political and ideological revolutions in England and America challenged not only governmental absolutism but also patriarchal supremacy. That dual focus was necessary because paternal and political rule were both defended as ordained by nature, and apologists for autocracy often relied on the more apparently natural authority of fathers to buttress monarchical claims, especially the claim to the perpetual birthright allegiance of native-born subjects. Consequently, when Enlightenment proponents of limited, consensual government sought to challenge absolutist views, they had to reconsider the "natural" authority of fathers over children, its implications for state power, and thus how the circumstances of birth defined one's political membership.

This reconsideration appeared most clearly in the works of John Locke. For example, in each of his *Two Treatises of Government*, Locke took as his main opponents those defenders of the old order who argued that "Everyone is born a Subject to his Father, or his Prince, and is therefore under the perpetual tye of Subjection and Allegiance." The historian James Kettner views Locke as the theorist who best exemplified the transition from ascriptive subjectship to consensual citizenship. Despite some recent reservations about the influence of Locke's *Second Treatise* in America, the choice is appropriate.

Locke's familiar doctrine of government by consent, with its attendant right of revolution, was based on his radically new view of the relationship of children to their parents and to the polity, a view that stemmed in turn from a thoroughgoing rejection of the medieval portrait of society as a natural, organic hierarchy. To Locke, the most fundamental fact about children was that they were creatures of God, intended to occupy that equal and independent status that is the natural condition of mature, rational beings. This fact, for Locke, defined the limited nature of parental and political authority. Locke agreed that the family was a natural social unit and that parents properly possessed some dominion over their offspring during minority. He maintained, however, that this authority rightfully belonged to both parents, not simply to the patriarchal father. And he insisted, even more vehemently, that parents possessed only limited, tutelary authority over their children, and possessed this authority only while the latter remained incapable of rational self-governance.

The state also possessed a limited jurisdiction over children, for its duties stemmed not only from the consensual will of its citizens. It also had to conform to the obligations imposed by the natural human rights that Locke held to be the inviolable and inalienable endowment of all persons. As an authorized executor of the law of nature, the state thus had to protect the child's right to life, property, and education should the parents arbitrarily violate their duties to the child. A child, however, could not be a government's subject because subjectship must be based on the tacit or explicit consent of an individual who had reached the age of rational discretion. Locke insisted: "A *Child is born a subject of no Country and Government*. He is under his Father's Tuition and Authority, till he come to Age of Discretion; and then he is a Free-man, at liberty what Government he will put himself under; what body politick he will unite himself to."

Locke reveals most of the attractions and limits of the consent principle. Its attractions are considerable: indeed, leading contemporary writers on citizenship and international law insist even more strongly than Lockean Enlightenment and public law writers did that only consent is an appropriate basis for political membership. Consensualism encourages genuine personal commitment and development, permitting affirmation of one's values through voluntary affiliation with others. At the same time, as the political philosopher Michael Walzer has argued, permitting a democratic community the power to shape its own destiny by granting or refusing its consent to new members is essential if the community is to be able to protect its interests, maintain harmony, and achieve a unifying sense of shared values. When it is combined with liberalism's stress on universally held natural rights, moreover, the consent principle recognizes the aspirations and dignity of all humanity, for it urges a world in which all will be linked politically only by bonds of mutual agreement. Because these values of personal autonomy and communal self-definition are so widely shared in American society today, a morally credible doctrine of civic membership must give central importance to membership based on actual, mutual consent.

But like ascription, consent also poses serious problems. Although some of these problems can be resolved or minimized without great difficulty, others are more troubling. First, of course, there is a problem of proof. Especially after the fact, it will often be hard to determine who has and has not consented to membership in a particular regime, expressly or tacitly. Second, there is a problem of unjust exclusion. As

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most liberals have accepted, consent to membership must be mutual, expressed by the existing community as well as by the individual. Otherwise, existing members will be coerced and their free choices nullified. But this requirement might imply that a society could deny outsiders opportunities for membership in ways that are harshly restrictive or discriminatory. It might also mean that a society could freely denationalize citizens against their will, reducing their security and status, perhaps even leaving them stateless. In both these instances, adherence to consent may well violate liberalism's other deep commitment to insuring that the basic human rights of all be secured as fully as possible. As noted above, the tension between government by consent and full protection for inalienable rights, visible in liberal theory almost from its inception, is dramatically evident if a democratic government denies all obligation to those who are compelled to turn to it but who are not admitted to be its citizens.

The difficulty points in turn to a third, related problem. The notion of consent is far from being a self-defining concept. It necessarily requires assumptions about several highly controversial questions, such as the scope of free will, the nature of informed choice, and the availability of alternatives. By relying upon notions such as tacit agreement, it may even smuggle in elements of ascription. In the context of consensual citizenship, moreover, the requirement of mutuality may seem to render individual consent hollow in practice because those to whom a state refuses consent may have no practical option to go elsewhere. Persons faced with a choice of only limited, exceedingly harsh alternatives may be more aptly described as compelled than free to choose. More generally, no clear, unproblematic boundary exists between the realms of consent and coercion.

Fourth, there is a problem of unlimited expatriation. The consensual principle in its purest form is literally anarchical, jeopardizing all memberships and allegiances. Although some liberals insist that rational individuals can recognize the imprudence of promoting social instability, political societies probably could not survive if their citizens felt free to renounce their memberships unilaterally whenever it seemed convenient to do so. A fifth and related problem of pure consensualism is its narrow, desiccated rationalism. By limiting moral obligations only to those incurred by rational choice, it denies the validity of widespread beliefs that individuals owe something to their family, community, state, and other social groups, and that these groups owe something to their members. The reality of these affective attachments calls into question the adequacy of basing obligation on rational consent alone.

Both the ascriptive and consent principles are thus attractive and problematic in their pure forms. It is tempting, then, to think that the best features of each can be integrated into a coherent law of citizenship without sacrificing some values that we cherish. Doubtless, that hope explains why American law has combined the two and has varied the mix of ascriptive and consensual elements—especially of birthright citizenship and the right of expatriation—over time. But American law has never adequately reconciled these elements; no combination of consent or ascription that is either theoretically satisfying or practically efficacious, especially in light of current conditions, has yet been achieved. For example, two recent and somewhat related developments have begun to place far greater strain on the ideological compromises between ascription and consent in America's citizenship law. The massive increase in illegal migration to the United States and the equally dramatic rise of the welfare state have transformed perhaps the greatest advantage of birthright citizenship from a modern liberal viewpoint—its automatic inclusiveness—into something of a disadvantage. By underscoring the growing practical importance of consent as the chief constitutive political principle of a liberal society, these developments invite us to reconsider birthright citizenship on legal and policy as well as philosophical grounds. They lead us to reject the traditional rule and to propose a more consensualist law of citizenship in which ascribed status at birth plays a correspondingly reduced role.

We may be said to have incurred moral obligations to illegal aliens by encouraging them to migrate here, by enriching ourselves through their labor, by absorbing them into our communities, by inviting legitimate expectations of humane treatment, and by other behavior. But even if moral obligations to illegal aliens exist and are compelling, they by no means imply birthright entitlement to American citizenship.

When the framers of the Fourteenth Amendment's Citizenship Clause adopted (in a significantly compromised form) the common-law rule of birthright citizenship, immigration to the United States was entirely unregulated. In 1980, the number of illegal aliens in the United States was conservatively estimated at between three and a half to six million, with the number increasing by two hundred thousand annually. Approximately 2 million of these people will eventually receive legal status under the 1986 amnesty law, but many others did not qualify or have arrived in the years since 1982, the amnesty cutoff date.

If mutual consent is the irreducible condition of membership in the American polity, questions arise about a practice that extends birthright citizenship to the native-born children of such illegal aliens. The parents of such children are, by definition, individuals whose presence within the jurisdiction of the United States is prohibited by law and to whom the society has explicitly and self-consciously decided to deny membership. And if the society has refused to consent to their membership, it can hardly be said to have consented to that of their children who happen to be born while their parents are here in violation of American law.

The present guarantee under American law of automatic birthright citizenship to the children of illegal aliens can operate, at the margin, as one more incentive to illegal migration and violation by nonimmigrant (temporary visitor) aliens already here of their time-limited visa restrictions. When this attraction is combined with the powerful lure of the expanded entitlements conferred upon citizen children and their

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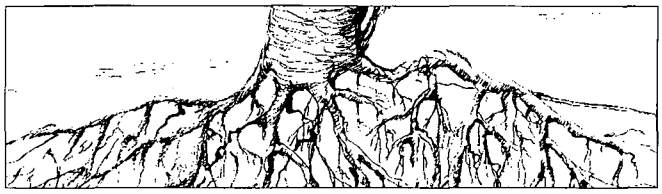
families by the modern welfare state, the total incentive effect of birthright citizenship may well become significant. In addition to anecdotal evidence that many aliens do cross the border illegally to assure United States citizenship for their soon-to-be-born children, a recent study illuminates two features of this phenomenon. First, the number of births in the United States to illegal alien parents is not trivial; a conservative estimate places the number as in excess of seventy-five thousand each year. Second, these births—and the public costs that they entail—are disproportionately concentrated in a relatively few urban areas.

Congress has the power to respond to this infringement of consensualism if it so desires. Although the Citizenship Clause of the Fourteenth Amendment has been assumed to guarantee



birthright citizenship to such children *ex proprio vigore*, the question of the citizenship status of the native-born children of illegal aliens never arose during its adoption for the simple reason that no illegal aliens existed at that time, or indeed for some time thereafter.

The debates also establish that the framers of the Citizenship Clause had no intention of establishing a universal rule of birthright citizenship. To be sure, they intended to do more than simply extend citizenship to native-born blacks by overruling the reasoning and result in *Dred Scott*. But they also intended, through the clause's jurisdiction requirement, to limit the scope of birthright citizenship. The essential limiting principle, discernible from the debates (especially those concerned with the citizenship status of Native Americans) was consensualist in nature. Citizenship, as qualified by this principle, was not satisfied by mere birth on the soil or by naked governmental power or legal jurisdiction over the individual. Citizenship required in addition the existence of conditions indicating mutual consent to political membership.

Our interpretation certainly does not imply that children of illegal aliens are not entitled to any constitutional protection. Indeed, those children (and perhaps their parents as well) may have legitimate moral or humanitarian claims upon American society. We may be said to have incurred moral obligations to illegal aliens by encouraging them to migrate here, by enriching ourselves through their labor, by absorbing them into our communities, by inviting legitimate expectations of humane treatment, and by other behavior. But even if moral obligations to illegal aliens exist and are compelling, they by no means imply birthright entitlement to American citizenship. Again, that does not mean that policy toward illegal aliens is morally unconstrained. For children who have already been born here of illegal alien parents, for example, a retroactive change in the law depriving them of their citizenship status would violate important expectation and reliance interests and create great confusion and uncertainty.

But these concessions to prudence, fairness, and humanitarianism should not be taken to deny to the American community the essence of a consensual political identity—the power and obligation to seek to define its own boundaries and enforce them. If Congress should conclude that the prospective denial of birthright citizenship to the children of illegal aliens would be a valuable adjunct of such national self-definition, the Constitution should not be interpreted in a way that impedes that effort. Citizenship status is not necessary to afford illegal aliens and their children at least minimal legal protection and public benefits. They do and should possess certain rights by reason of their presence within the United States. Protection against any risk of statelessness can be assured by statute. Thus, the Constitution need not and should not be woodenly interpreted either to guarantee their children citizenship or to cast them into outer darkness.

In the end, the question of birthright citizenship for the children of illegal and nonimmigrant aliens should be resolved in the light of broader ideals of constitutional meaning, social morality, and political community. These ideas militate against *constitutionally* ascribed birthright citizenship in these circumstances. Beyond the issue of the Citizenship Clause's intent, it is morally questionable to reward lawbreaking by conferring the valued status of citizenship, and it is even more questionable to plant that guarantee in the Constitution. This is true even though the lawbreakers are often individuals whose ambition, resourcefulness, and family values most Americans would admire. Those characteristics might lead Congress to confer citizenship broadly and easily, but as a matter of informed choice, not constitutional inadvertence.

Three basic steps are required to achieve a law of citizenship at birth that is theoretically consistent, practical for addressing current policy problems, and consonant with the nation's fundamental claim that its government rests on the consent of the governed. The first step requires a reinterpretation of the Citizenship Clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. Its guarantee of citizenship to those born "subject to the jurisdiction" of the United States should be read to embody the principle of consensual membership, and therefore to refer only to children of those legally admitted to permanent residence in the American community—that is, citizens and legal resident aliens.

On our consensualist reading, those born "subject to the jurisdiction" of the United States would be citizens at birth provisionally, in the sense that they would have the opportunity upon attaining majority to renounce that citizenship if they so desired. At no time, however, would they be vulnerable to any denial of consent to their membership on the part of the state. Native-born children of legal resident aliens would also be provisional citizens at birth and during their minority and would enjoy the same right to expatriation. Citizenship at birth would not be guaranteed to the native-born children of those persons—illegal aliens and "nonimmigrant" aliens—who have never received the nation's consent to their permanent residence. Even the citizenship law of the United Kingdom, for whose antecedents our common-law citizenship was originally derived, and which continues to adhere to the birthright citizenship principle, does not extend it to the native-born children of either illegal aliens or temporary resident aliens. The same is true of other Western European countries. Since the proposed doctrine would require a reinterpretation of the Citizenship Clause, the change should be made prospectively, assuring citizenship to those born in the United States while the current understanding has been in effect.

Congress, which bears the ultimate responsibility for fash-

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ioning the structure of our immigration policy, would also decide the role of the birthright citizenship for the children of illegal and nonimmigrant aliens. That decision is obviously only a small piece of immigration policy. Congress must carefully weigh the moral claims of these children to membership relative to the claims of other groups, assessing the likely effects on illegal immigration of eliminating their present guarantee of citizenship, and considering how such a change should relate to the more comprehensive, systematic measures for reducing illegal immigration. We are genuinely uncertain about how such an evaluation would or should come out. It is an issue on which reasonable people can differ.

The second step necessary to realize a consistent, consensual law of citizenship at birth is to render the right of expatriation more meaningful. We propose that a formal procedure be established and publicized under which any citizen, at the age of majority, may expatriate himself (preserving citizens' rights to do so subsequently as well). Despite recurring calls for legislation fully prescribing formal expatriation procedures, there is no legislated procedure for expatriating oneself within the United States under normal circumstances. As a result, few know that an expatriation right exists, and it is procedurally difficult to exercise. In that sense, citizenship is more ascribed than consensual.

We would not only permit native-born citizens to seek another nationality, but would also guarantee them permanent residence in the United States if they wished it. Our proposal would thus retain the asymmetry, created by Supreme Court rulings, between affirming the individual's right to self-expatriation, while denying the nation's power to denationalize those who are already members. Although a thoroughgoing commitment to pure consensual membership might seem to imply a national power to denationalize citizens at will, the existence of such a power might threaten the vigorous exercise of basic constitutional freedoms, such as First Amendment political rights, or might create a condition of involuntary statelessness and thus of acute human vulnerability.

In our book, we consider a number of objections to our proposal to reinterpret the constitutional guarantee of birthright citizenship. The most troubling objective is that our position does little to address the problem of the influx and status of illegal aliens. Indeed, by eliminating constitutionally mandated birthright citizenship for their native-born children, the proposal could (depending upon the magnitude of its countervailing disincentives to illegal migration) actually increase the number of individuals in illegal status. In this view, the current birthright citizenship rule has at least one virtue that our proposal lacks. It recognizes that in fact (due largely to ineffective immigration enforcement) many native-born children of illegal aliens, along with their parents, will manage to remain here indefinitely. Denying birthright citizenship to those children would add one more obstacle and disadvantage, one more source of stigma and discrimination, to those they must endure as they continue living in American society, as many will be able to do. This dilemma is compounded by the fact that these children's life prospects would be clouded by the action of others over whom they have no control—in this case, the illegal entry of their parents. Better (defenders of the current rule might argue) to eliminate their cruel disability at the moment of birth than to maintain it thereafter.

Although appealing, this argument from life prospects is ultimately unpersuasive. Our proposal to make one's national status turn, at least provisionally, on the national status of one's parents seem more morally acceptable and less determinative of one's life prospects than many other contingent factors—such as inherited wealth, upbringing, or genetic endowment—that are far more likely to shape those prospects in fundamental ways. Indeed, our proposal seems less arbitrary in terms of life prospects than the fundamental concept of birthright citizenship itself, which bases national status wholly upon the accident of geographical location at birth. And even if the innocence of the child and allied concern for his life prospects are accepted as morally or legally relevant, it does not follow that *citizenship*, as distinguished from mere nondiscrimination, should be the prize for that innocence. Nondiscrimination does not necessarily imply the same rights and benefits that citizenship or legal residence status confers. These children and their parents, by being denied birthright citizenship, would not be treated as the *Dred Scott* decision treated blacks; they would not be denied the law's protection. They would instead be required to choose among continuing to live in illegal status, with more limited equal protection and due rights; seeking to obtain legal status; or returning to their home countries.

Our proposed interpretation would, moreover, produce at least one benefit. The government of a more truly consensual polity could more truthfully proclaim to citizens, resident aliens, and illegal aliens alike that American citizenship stands on a firm foundation of freely willed membership. It could more credibly claim the contemporaneous allegiance and, if necessary, the personal sacrifice of its citizens than it was able to do during the Vietnam War and other corrosive national conflicts. It could more persuasively invoke what it now can only baldly assert—a legitimacy grounded in a fresh, vital, and always revocable consent. ©

LIBERAL ARTS

THE ETHICS OF LIFE

The French Cabinet last March approved a biomedical code of ethics limiting surrogate motherhood and artificial insemination. According to Reuters news service, exceptions for surrogate motherhood include "cases in which the woman is sterile," and a woman whose "husband has a genetic disease" may be artificially inseminated. The code also limits manipulation of genes, outlaws the sale of blood or organs, and bans experimentation on "any part of a person's body without prior consent."

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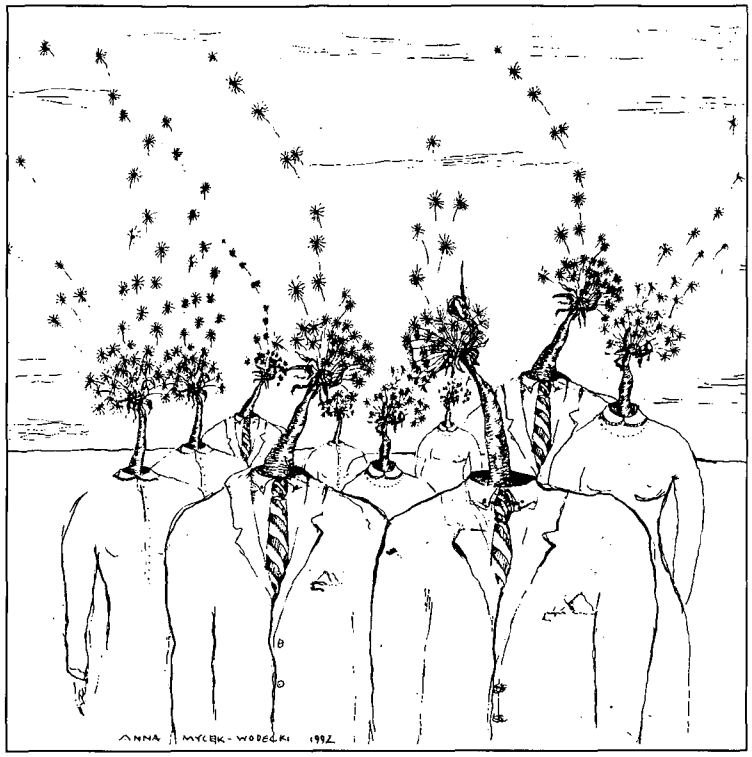
Great Nations Need Great Citizens

by Richard D. Lamm



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

A nation's wealth and status is like starlight—what you see is not what is, but what was. Just as the light we see from a distant star started its journey thousands of years ago, so is the nation's current success due principally to past actions. Great nations have great momentum; past investments in education and productivity continue to give benefits even after those good traits deteriorate. To a large degree, one generation benefits from the seeds planted by their fathers and mothers. We, in turn, plant seeds that will be reaped by our children. Some of these "seeds" are measurable; some are unmeasurable. We do measure and lament that the Japanese are now investing twice as much as we are in new tools and equipment. We know from educational scores that our children are in the bottom third in all international comparisons. We wring our hands over the yearly trade deficit, but what we measure is only a small part of our status.

The real story is in those things we do not measure. The intangible assets also grow or decline. Herein lies the fate of empires. What drove the seventh-century Arabs to organize themselves and burst out of their parched land to attack both the Persian Empire and Europe? They handily defeated the Persian Empire and almost captured Europe. Whoever would have guessed that these disorganized nomads would threaten anyone, let alone Europe. "Civilization was thrust into the brain of Europe on the point of a Moorish lance," observed Robert Ingersoll. What inspired the Mongols? Or the Greeks under Alexander? Often underequipped and half-starved, these nations and many others found a spirit, an amazing bravery and initiative that took them to victory.

The key seems to be the spirit and attitude of their people. A nation's human resources are inevitably more important than the natural resources. Plato postulated in the *Republic* that the stability and success of a political community depends on the moral character of the people who make up that community. Alexis de Tocqueville observed that American democracy was largely based on the character and mores of the people, which were hard to quantify, but which ultimately would control the success or failure of the country. He warned that an excess of individualism would undercut the free institution upon which democracy depended. Robert Bellah, who calls these mores "habits of the heart," has written that "one of the keys to the survival of free institutions is the relationship between private and public life, the way in which citizens do, or do not, participate in the public sphere." Great nations cannot be judged by the success of their stock exchanges or their GNP—great nations have great intangibles. Great nations must have great citizens, and the kind of future we will have depends on what kind of people we are and what kind of kids we produce.

Tocqueville marveled at the American trait of citizenship. He pointed out that there is an important difference between an inhabitant and a citizen.

> There are countries in Europe where the inhabitant feels like some sort of farm laborer indifferent to the fate of the place where he dwells. The greatest changes

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> may take place in his country without his concurrence; he does not even know precisely what has happened; . . . Worse still, the condition of his village, the policing of his roads, and the repair of his church and parsonage do not concern him; he thinks that all of those things have nothing to do with him at all, but belong to a powerful stranger called the government. . . . Furthermore, this man who has so completely sacrificed his freedom of will does not like obedience more than the next man. He submits, it is true, to the caprice of a clerk, but as soon as the force is withdrawn, he will vaunt his triumph over the law as over a conquered foe. Thus he oscillates the whole time between servility and license.

Tocqueville concluded that when a nation loses these traits of citizenship (i.e., its public virtues), it perishes.

There is a hubris in America of late that "God is an American" who will watch over us no matter how inefficient and hedonistic we become. Democracy has triumphed. But, our Constitution will not save us if the intangibles go sour. The Constitution was the framework—the structure for the checks and balances—for correction when human faction or folly moves us to excess. A ruthlessly ambitious person in one branch of government would rise up to find himself checkmated by the other parts of the system. The structure allowed free men and women to live their lives, create wealth, and build their country.

Less mentioned, but equally important to the success of our nation, is the foundation upon which the Constitution was built. Our Founders assumed the often inarticulated values, customs, mores, and culture of hardworking people who cared about the future. They assumed these public virtues would continue. Mary Ann Glendon, in her thoughtful book *Rights Talk*, points out that the Founders of our country "counted on families, custom, religion, and convention to preserve and promote the virtues required by our experiment in ordered liberty. Jefferson, Adams, and especially Madison, knew that the Constitution and laws, the institutionalized checks on power, the army, and militia could not supply all the conditions required for the success of the new regime. They often explicitly acknowledged the dependence of the entire enterprise on the qualities of mind and character with which they believed the American population had been blessed."

If you change the underlying social milieu, not even the brilliance of the Constitution can save the country. The Constitution is a structure for citizens who are dedicated and motivated. It will not save a society that does not vote, does not care, has no sense of posterity, and is addicted to hedonism. The Constitution, however brilliant, will not make up for people who have lost the ability to care about the future of their nation. Tocqueville particularly warned that excessive individualism could destroy all that public virtue had built.

Are we not there? Former Secretary of Commerce, Peter G. Peterson, says "American individualism used to honor community values. Now, it seems to be a quest for unlimited personal advantage. As consumers, rather than citizens, we seem to have become a nation of silent players and special interests in which few speak effectively for the common good."

America talks endlessly about the follies of its leaders, but what about the follies of its citizens? America in many respects faces more of a "citizenship" problem than a leadership problem. Ortega y Gassett found that "what makes a nation great is not primarily its great men, but the stature of its innumerable mediocre ones." Too many Americans believe that our nation has a divine destiny, but this is a dangerous hubris. As Toynbee warned, all great nations rise and all fall and the "autopsy of history is that all great nations commit suicide."

We are losing those stern virtues that made us a great nation in the first place and becoming an overindulged people with hedonistic values that are not compatible with long-term greatness.

Every once-great nation in history thought God was on its side, but to date God has never allowed any great civilization to exist for very long. Greatness in nations is not a geopolitical status, but an ephemeral stage. We talk about "American exceptionalism," but we are merely whistling past history's graveyard, in which every other once-great civilization lies buried. I am not sounding taps for America, but instead an alarm bell. We are losing those stern virtues that made us a great nation in the first place and becoming an overindulged people with hedonistic values that are not compatible with long-term greatness. We forget Livy's warning that "luxury is more ruthless than war." Americans know what they want, but not what they can afford. They have forgotten that rights and privileges require duties and responsibilities. We are today more threatened by a blanket of excess than by an iron curtain.

The battle flag that Admiral Nelson chose for the Battle of Trafalgar read, "England expects every man to do his duty." The words really seem an anachronism. We know all about our rights, but very little about our obligations. We speak of rights in a loud voice, and responsibilities in a whisper. We want the fullest kinds of freedom in democracy, but unrestrained freedom may undercut democracy. Ambassador Henry Grunwald put it this way:

> We have not grasped the cost accounting of freedom. The great source of our current bafflement is that we somehow expect a wildly free society to have the stability of a tradition-guided society. We somehow believe that we can simultaneously have, to the fullest, various kinds of freedoms: freedom from discipline, but also freedom from crime; freedom from community constraints, but also freedom from smog; freedom from economic controls, but also freedom from the inevitable ups and downs of a largely unhampered economy.
>
> Both American conservatives and liberals are embodiments of this paradox. Liberals are forever asking state intervention in the economy for the sake of social justice, while insisting on hands-off in the private area of morals. Conservatives take the opposite view. They demand self-determination in politics, but suspect self-determination in morals. They demand laissez-faire in business, but hate laissez-faire in behavior. In theory, there is no contradiction between these positions. For

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freedom to be workable as a political and social system, strong inner controls, a powerful moral compass, and sense of values are needed. In practice, the contradiction is vast. The compass is increasingly hard to read, the values hard to find in a frantically open, mobile, fractioned society. Thus a troubling, paradoxical question: Does freedom destroy the inner disciplines that alone make freedom possible?

Democracy is built on an inordinate faith in ordinary people. Winston Churchill summed up democracy with the words, "Trust the people." But, as Grunwald points out, that may be undercut if people lose their self-discipline and self-restraint. Freedom can thus be too free. "Freedom is the luxury of self-discipline," says one French philosopher. Well, we have the freedom, but little sign of self-discipline.

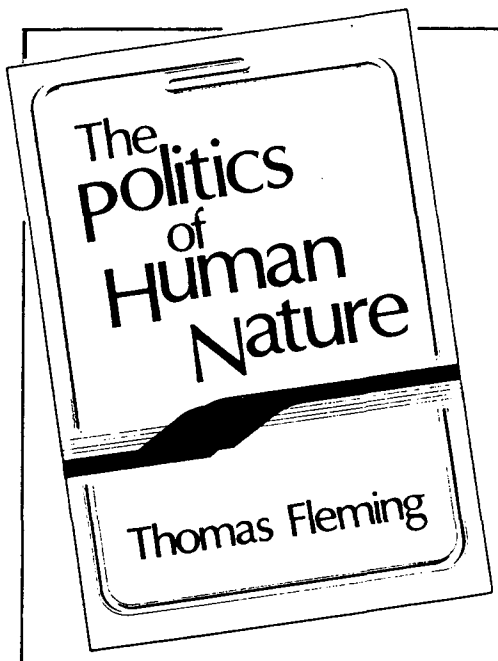
Having just won the Cold War, it is hard for Americans to take some of these warnings seriously. I would suggest we did not so much win the Cold War as we outlasted the Soviets by borrowing from our children. We may decline right along with the Soviet Union. Saul Bellow states ominously, "The United States is as much threatened by an excess of liberty as Russia was from the absence of liberty."

To return to my starlight analogy, the seeds of today will not keep our nation prosperous or stable. We are violating too many of the laws of economic gravity and social stability. Each one of us this year will get over $1,500 more from government services than we are willing to pay for. It is not enough to say we do not want that much government—however much we democratically decide we want, we should pay for. We have hung an albatross of debt around our children's necks.

Our educational system's deterioration needs no elaboration. Read any morning newspaper. Thomas Jefferson stated, "If a nation expects to be ignorant and free . . . it expects what never was and never will be." Fewer and fewer people read newspapers; fewer and fewer people even watch the network news. When asked what beliefs they would die for, 48 percent of a large national poll said "none." Only 24 percent said they were willing to die for their country. Two-thirds of Americans have never given time to community activities or helped to solve community problems. Two-thirds of us cannot name our local congressman. More than half believe they have no influence on the decisions made by local government. One-fourth admitted that they do not care about their neighborhood's problems. This is not compatible with greatness. We have ignored, or taken for granted, a vital building block necessary to continue greatness—some mutual sense of citizenship.

We can supply order for a while without citizenship, but not forever. We can ultimately never make enough laws or hire enough policemen to make up for a lack of self-discipline and self-restraint. A society that needs to put up mesh fences over many of its freeway overpasses to keep fellow citizens from throwing harmful objects at each other does not seem to have lasting power. A society that talks seriously about granting "rights" to animals and trees, but is silent about any obligations and responsibilities of citizenship, lacks proportion and sustainability.

"Civilization begins with order; grows with liberty and dies with chaos," warns Will Durant. We risk that outcome. There has been a great unbalancing in America. We have unbalanced community in favor of individualism; responsibilities in favor of rights; and duties in favor of privileges. We want education without study; wealth without work; freedom without participation; and democracy without citizenship. We must self-correct or perish, for this is hardly a sustainable agenda. ©



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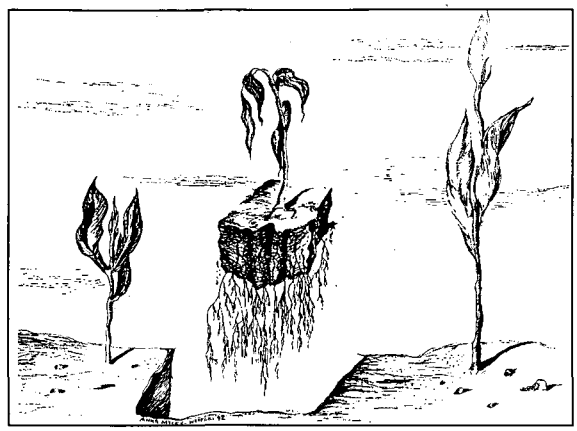
Three Bads and an Excellent

Four Ways of Thinking About Citizenship

by Richard E. Flathman



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Let's say that you have an enthusiasm for golf, tennis, or dining out but live in an area in which the necessary facilities are available exclusively on a membership basis in private clubs. Assume also that any very extended exclusion from these activities leaves you bored, dejected, morose. In these circumstances, and on the added assumption that you and your intimates lack the resources to build and maintain your own course or court, hire your own chef, etc., membership in the requisite organizations or associations will be of great importance to you. Whereas friends with other avocations are indifferent to the rights and privileges of these memberships, for you they will be a matter of concern, perhaps quite intensely so.

Consider an importantly different circumstance. You live in a "company town" (such as late 19th-century Pullman, Illinois), in a region dominated by a single industry, firm, or trade union (such as Akron, Ohio), or in a self-conscious and well-organized ethnic group or religious confession (as in the Mormon communities in Utah), where employment opportunities, qualified medical services, schools, shopping and service facilities, perhaps even dependable fire and security protections are reliably available only to those who have definite and stable standing with the local *hegemon*. In this circumstance, status or eligibility, rather than being a matter of gratifications and enjoyments or their absence, is a condition necessary to the satisfaction of your most basic interests and needs. The question whether you can or cannot obtain and sustain such standing will be second in importance to few others.

In the cases I have imagined, membership takes its importance primarily from the direct connection between it and access to valued goods, services, and opportunities. The rights, privileges, and immunities that come with it are to states of affairs that are valued for their own sake. If I could assure myself of these desired states of affairs by means other than membership, and if it were more convenient or less costly to do so, membership would have little or no value to me. Equally, if the associations or groups ceased to provide the goods or services, or began to provide them at a substantially reduced level of quality or convenience, I might well discontinue my membership.

Before turning to the distinctive form of membership called citizenship, consider cases (which might overlap or coincide with those discussed thus far) in which membership is valued less for the opportunities it affords or the needs it meets than for the human interactions and relationships that develop because of or as a part of it. There are plenty of good restaurants in town and a trial visit suffices to show that the food at the Elks Club is lousy. My wife and I nevertheless seek membership in the club because we are keen to meet new people. We continue our membership long after we have satisfied this urge because of an emotional linkage between the club and friendships formed there. Similarly, "The recently opened municipal golf course is cheaper and better maintained than my private club but the rest of my foursome wants to play at the club so. . . ." "I now think that the doctrines of the church are superstitious nonsense but my dear friends Judy and Ralph would be dismayed if I stopped attending services and so. . . ." "My union (political party, Ku Klux Klan chapter, gay rights group) has become hopelessly ineffective in promoting my interests and protecting my rights, but I wouldn't give up my comradely relations for the world." "If asked to betray my country (my church, union, university, political party) to save my friends, I hope I would have the decency and courage to do it."

All of the above ways of thinking have been transferred to the form of membership called citizenship in "the state" and offered as reasons for elevating citizenship to a position of special privilege. As to the first or *gratification* model, eudaemonists and hedonistic utilitarians from Plato and Aristotle to Bentham, despite disagreeing radically as to the nature of pleasure, have sung the praises of politically organized association as the chief source of human happiness. Hegel, Bradley, Lenin, and the democratic socialists and welfare liberals of our own time, despite much scorn for one another's conceptions of the true human interests, needs, or ends have adapted the second or *need and interest* model to political theory. They have trumpeted the refrain that human needs and interests can be satisfied, met, and achieved only where there is

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a powerful state that controls much of the activity of its members and only if the latter identify themselves as citizens and faithfully perform the duties of that station.

Most astonishingly of all, numerous thinkers and publicists maintain that the state is the chief locus of, and citizenship the chief means to, intensely personal and effective relationships such as community, fraternity, and even friendship. The third or *affective relationship* model informs the thinking of Catholic conservatives of the bent of Joseph de Maistre and more than a few of our self-styled contemporary conservatives; of Rousseau and his democratic participationist followers; of Romantic nationalists such as Mazzini and present-day promoters of patriotism; of numerous contemporary communitarians; all of these, although disagreeing sharply in their conceptions of friendship, community, fraternity, and the virtues necessary to them, agree that organized, authority-laden political association is essential to the cultivation of these intimate and exclusive relationships. In the absence of a politically organized society populated by an engaged and faithful citizenry, human beings wallow in egoism, selfishness, and discord; sink into anomie, alienation, and ressentiment.

These three understandings and estimations of citizenship are absurdly exaggerated and otherwise regrettable. The pleasures afforded by associations such as those invoked in my first image depend vitally on a condition that state membership can satisfy little if at all, namely the voluntary and selective character of membership in them. This is yet more emphatically the case with the attachments and affections at issue in my third image. It is possible for friendship and even love to develop among people who are compelled to associate with one another. In any but the rawest sense of causality, when this occurs it is despite, not because of, the compulsory character of the relationship. And the idea that I could or should cultivate such feelings for the millions of people who are held together in even the smallest of the "modern states" is not only absurd but—when it becomes us-against-them patriotism and jingoistic nationalism—dangerous absurdity.

Constrained government, prudently conducted under the wary eyes of a citizenry jealous of its private, personal, and associational pursuits and prerogatives, can decrease somewhat the cruder threats to happiness and friendship, may offer relief from the effects of unavoidable disasters, and may ameliorate material and other conditions adverse to these vital aspects of human well-being. Neither government itself nor participation in the politics that takes its life primarily from the scuffle for governmental power can themselves bring about or sustain these rare and rightly treasured conditions and achievements. Far more often than not, the state, perhaps especially states emboldened and energized by the participation of persons whose primary identification is that of citizen, has proven to be the antagonist of pleasure and happiness, of fraternity and friendship.

It is not open to us to disdain the distinctive form of membership that is citizenship. If we make the *hegemon* of the second or *need and interest* image into a state, furnish it with authority and with power sufficient to enforce its municipal laws and commands against disobedience, then that image depicts a salient feature of the circumstances of all those likely to read this essay. If it is a dangerous fantasy to think of the state as supplying the desiderata at issue in my first and third images; it is regrettable but undeniable that numerous of the presently existing states control resources that are necessary to satisfying basic needs and interests of their citizens. So long as this continues to be the case, those without standing with or before the state are in a dangerously exposed position. It is true and admirable that some states afford protections and other services to legally and even illegally resident aliens. Notoriously, however, these policies are at their least reliable in respect to that hapless denizen of the modern world, the "stateless" person. And because no state accords aliens formal rights of participation in the processes by which such policies are adopted and implemented, the benefits aliens receive are largely at the sufferance of persons other than themselves. For these reasons, disdain for or indifference to citizenship is reckless imprudence.

As elements of my *need and interest* image are intended to convey, there are other and better reasons for valuing citizenship. The best of these reasons, articulated in a tradition of thinking running from Montaigne and Hobbes to contemporary thinkers such as Isaiah Berlin and especially Michael Oakeshott, are responses to the anything but pretty history of company towns, exclusive ethnic and religious communities, and the like. That history is of course one of intolerance—the intolerance found in virtually all human communities. But it is also a history of "official" punishment of deviation, dissent, and even mere difference. Insofar as there are offices of formal authority and collective power, those who occupy them, rather than using their positions to protect and defend the unorthodox and unpopular, take the lead in repressing them. (If we need reminding of these ugly facts, and it seems that we do, current reports from what was Yugoslavia, what is Turkey and Iraq, Afghanistan and Sri Lanka, will serve the purpose.)

Let us consider a fourth image or model, one that might be called *civil*. In its most estimable formulations, the idea of political association, and of citizenship as the form of membership in such an association, is the idea of an association that encompasses a fluctuating plurality of economic enterprises, ascriptively defined groups, religious confessions and the like; it is the idea of a form of membership that is available to all who choose, even intermittently, to live their lives in that association. Most importantly but elusively, it is the idea of an association that in certain basic respects stands for and will stand by its citizens as such, without regard to the further characteristics that distinguish them from and put them at odds with one another.

On this understanding—never fully realized but discernible at moments in English history and the history of some American states—citizenship is of fundamental importance, is beyond all price. The reasons for its value, however, are quite different than those I have for the most part been discussing. The authority and power of the political association, and the standing of the citizen in such an association, are viewed primarily as sources of protections supplemental to those that individuals and groups are able to afford to themselves. Given the existence of a number of such politically organized societies in the world, these protections are now importantly against incursions by states other than one's own. But if we ask why there should be political associations at all such that the problem of relations among them arises, we see that the protections they are to afford are first and foremost against the intrusive and oppressive demands of the less-encompassing groups and associations of which the political association, once formed, partly consists.

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On this *civil* view, citizenship is valued fundamentally because it assures, insofar as can be, that these further protections will actually be afforded. Those who seek additional rights and privileges, including the right to participate in the processes by which rights are established and protections provided, do so primarily in order to maximize the likelihood that they and others actually receive the protections that it is the chief purpose of the association to provide.

Such an association may also provide its citizens with further services and opportunities. If proposals to do so are widely and genuinely supported, the state may gather and deploy resources of the society in order to pursue purposes that are shared among its citizens. And to the extent that such projects come to be proposed and entertained, the value of the right to participate in decisions concerning them may be estimated yet more highly than I previously suggested.

On the *civil* understanding, however, this extension of the argument for citizenship will be recognized as dangerous, as jeopardizing what is distinctively important about this form of membership. Citizens will be wary of such proposals and even of the kind of thinking about citizenship that highlight the right to participate in decisions concerning such proposals. They will recognize that collective ventures tend to deflect them from their own most highly valued personal and group pursuits at the same time that they divert the political association from its most important duties. They will fear that adopting and pursuing such projects will enlarge the authority and enhance the power of the political association, might well make it into a threat greater than those it is meant to combat.

If inspired by or modeled on the *gratification* or *affective relationship* understandings, especially if informed by some combination of the two, citizenship is likely to be an object of enthusiasm and affection. Those who hold citizenship are likely to approach its duties as well as its rights with zeal, to accord pride of place to the activities it involves. They will look to it for, identify it with, their most intense pleasures and enjoyments, their warmest affections and strongest attachments. And because there is no such thing as citizenship apart from a state, because citizenship is an office in or of the state, these affections and enthusiasms are likely to transfer to the state itself. The state will be magnified and energized by the affirmative attitudes of its citizens toward it and its activities. If modeled on *need and interest*, citizenship may be viewed less warmly but yet more intensely. Thinking about it may take on a certain almost desperate quality.

Through much of its history, the pronounced tendency of these three kinds of thinking about citizenship has been circumscribed and to some extent countered by a concomitant view, one that goes quite easily with such thinking but that has (with one increasingly salient qualification) now been largely abandoned. Those who have placed a high estimation on citizenship have for the most part thought that only a small part of the population of any society is eligible for it. Just as those who place a high value on a club, vocational, or fraternal association typically establish selective criteria and procedures for membership in it, so most theorists and practitioners of citizenship have reserved that status to those—usually few—human beings who they have judged deserving of its privileges and capable of discharging the demanding duties that it entails. This practice denied the benefits of citizenship to many people. But it also meant that the energies of the latter were less readily available to the state, were often directed against the state. In a curious and perhaps unintended way, this feature of thinking about citizenship diminished dangers implicit in it.

In countries in which citizenship is a meaningful concept and status, such selectivity and restrictiveness has for the most part ended in regard to the native born of society. Countries such as the United States, while increasingly restrictive of immigration, routinely extend the rights and duties of citizenship to the great preponderance of their residents. And because thinking about citizenship is for the most part on the *gratification* and *need and interest* models, the political activities and energies of this great throng are put largely to the purpose of demanding that the state provide them pleasures and meet their interests and needs. (The *affective relationship* model makes its, almost always ugly, appearance primarily in the context of radically "we-they" thinking such as Americans versus foreigners or "true Americans" versus those "un-American" types who are but shouldn't be of our company.)

Although hardly the only cause or support of the gargantuan and immensely dangerous states under the thrall of which we live, these ways of thinking about citizenship have done and continue to do their lamentable part in engendering and sustaining state power. But they have not yielded the satisfactions that were falsely promised on their behalf. As with subscribers who have been severely disappointed by an enterprise association or fraternal order in which they have invested great hopes, citizens of contemporary states are disillusioned and embittered. Their demands on the state continue unabated, and they are all too ready in their acquiescence to its most barbarous domestic and foreign adventures. But they have little enthusiasm and diminishing aptitudes for those demanding modes of thought and action that citizenship requires.

There is no sovereign remedy for this cheerless state of affairs. A step toward ameliorating it would be to revive and promote the *civil* mode of thinking about citizenship and political association. On this view, government and politics, and the standing of the citizen in relation to them, are indispensable to us. They are, moreover, indispensable because of characteristics of human beings and their circumstances that we may partly regret but that we would not want to be without, characteristics such as individuality and individual willfulness, diversity and disagreement, competition and conflict. Absent these qualities, human life would be lacking in the uncertainties and challenges that are essential to zest, savor, and a sense of accomplishment and fulfillment. Given these qualities, human beings need to contrive and endeavor to sustain arrangements that support and enhance individuality, plurality, and freedom by containing the destructive forces that individuality, plurality, and freedom themselves generate and release. Properly understood, political association and citizenship can and occasionally have contributed to maintaining the always delicate balance among these desirabilities. They do so only when the temptations I have discussed are resisted, only when *cives* realize that citizenship, as Michael Oakeshott has argued, "calls for so exact a focus of attention and so uncommon a self-restraint" that we cannot be "astonished to find this mode of relationship to be as rare as it is excellent."

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Freedom Is Slavery

by Lee Congdon

"Too much liberty leads both men and nations to slavery."
—Cicero

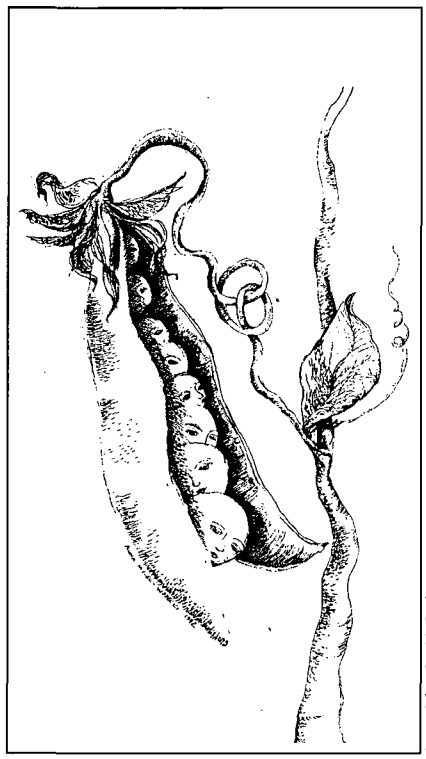
The Slaveholders' Dilemma: Freedom and Progress in Southern Conservative Thought, 1820-1860
by Eugene D. Genovese
Columbia: University of South Carolina Press; 136 pp., $19.95

◆

In a recent and provocative essay, Paul Gottfried described Eugene D. Genovese as a "hero of paleoconservative intellectuals." No doubt this declaration qualified as news in some circles, for the distinguished historian of the American South has always worked within the Marxist tradition. Or perhaps one should say the Gramscian tradition, for Genovese has an intellectual and ethnic affinity for the unorthodox Italian theorist. Such pedantic precision would change little, however, for Gramsci's writings, sophisticated though they surely are, flowed from the pen of a self-proclaimed Leninist and member of the Italian Communist Party.

Nevertheless, Gottfried was right; Genovese *is* the traditional conservative's favorite leftist. To begin to understand why, it helps to know that Genovese has never wavered in his opposition to the politicization of the academy. I well recall, for example, how, in the late 1960's, he helped prevent the election of Staughton Lynd, then a prominent radical, to the presidency of the American Historical Association. Having in the meantime lost none of his combative edge, he recently called for the use of "counterterror" against faculty and administrators who themselves employ totalitarian methods to enforce political correctness.

Even more important than his efforts to clean higher education's Augean stables, however, has been Genovese's judicious approach to the South and its



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

history. Scrupulous honesty has here gone hand in hand with an exemplary dedication to the historian's craft. "The duty of the socialist historian," he wrote many years ago, "is, first and foremost, to develop himself into as good a historian as his talent and circumstances permit." Genovese's own talent and circumstances have made it possible for him to develop into a very good historian indeed. That is why, I venture to suggest, his writings have become all but indistinguishable from those of friends and colleagues on the traditional right.

Genovese emphasizes the modifying adjective "traditional" because he is impatient with "bourgeois conservatives" and neoconservatives who get misty-eyed whenever they hear the words "democratic capitalism." What he has gleaned from his study of Southern history has reinforced his original Marxist hostility to capitalism and to what he calls "bourgeois social relations." He seems to possess an instinctive—one is tempted to say an Italian—loyalty to family and community that he judges to be incompatible with the impersonal human relations that the market typically produces. Not surprisingly, then, it is precisely on the proslavery critique of the "free-labor" system that he has focused his attention in this, his latest book.

The Slaveholders' Dilemma is based upon a series of lectures that Genovese delivered at Georgia Southern University in 1990. He intends it to serve as an introduction to his and his wife Elizabeth Fox-Genovese's work-in-progress, *The Mind of the Master Class: The Life and Thought of the Southern Slaveholders*. But although this slim volume remains sketchy, it leaves no doubt as to Genovese's profound respect and sympathy for Southern conservative thought. Quite understandably, then, he dedicated the book to M.E. Bradford, John Shelton Reed, and Clyde N. Wilson.

Indeed, if anything, Genovese may here have gone *too* far in his praise for those Southern conservatives who argued for the proslavery position. True, he states categorically that "slavery has properly been condemned as an enormity," but he also insists that the proslavery argument was "the pillar of a world view buttressed by close considerations of the great social, political, religious, economic, and philosophical issues of the day." The question that one must ask, therefore, is whether a conservative world view can or should rest upon such a pillar.

Genovese has organized his discussion around the interrelationship he discerns between the Southern conservatives' commitment to progress, freedom, and slavery. Unfortunately, the first two terms require more precise definition than Genovese has here been able to

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provide. He promises to make better work of it in the larger volume to follow, but until then we are left to understand "freedom" as individual liberty, and "progress" as the spread of Christian morality within a context of economic modernization.

Although Southerners displayed a decidedly ambivalent attitude toward the ideology of progress, they did ultimately embrace it. But, so the argument went, progress was possible only where freedom existed, and freedom depended upon a stable social order of the kind that only slavery could ensure. It is a contention that Allen Tate repeated in his biography of Stonewall Jackson (1928). "The institution of slavery," Tate wrote, "was a positive good only in the sense that Calhoun had argued that it was: it had become a necessary element in a stable society."

This is not a laughable argument, but it does oblige its defenders to resort to Newspeak. According to Genovese, for example, the following was the "elegant formula" of Thomas Roderick Dew, the president of William and Mary: "progress through a widening freedom based upon slavery." Of course Dew and others like him knew perfectly well that slavery made freedom possible only for freemen. When speaking of slaves, therefore, they redirected the discussion to security. Unlike the iniquitous system of free labor—which transformed human into commodity relations and condemned freemen, black and white, to immiserization—slavery reconstituted the organic social relations of the Middle Ages and allowed those ill-equipped to survive in a heartless world to enjoy paternalistic protection. Like Abraham's slaves before them, these simple folk were properly regarded as members of an extended family.

As I have already indicated, Genovese is particularly attracted by the Southern conservatives' critique of free labor and of the free market in general. No doubt that is why he betrays no sympathy for the abolitionist assault on the Southern way of life. Then too, he knows that it was the likes of William Lloyd Garrison and Harriet Beecher Stowe who drove Southerners to upgrade slavery from a necessary evil to a "positive good." The impression he has formed of abolitionist self-righteousness and intimidation was heightened, I suspect, by the endless demands and moral poses of contemporary "civil rights activists." In such an atmosphere, it is not surprising that Genovese evinces sympathy with the counterrevolutionary case even when it was intertwined with a defense of slavery.

With respect to the abolitionists, Genovese could have cited Edmund Burke's famous reference to "the delusive plausibilities of moral politicians." And yet it does not follow that no political issue is ever moral in nature; one has only to think of abortion. If, as Genovese claims, "the entire moral, religious, and social defense of slavery rested firmly on the notion that the laboring classes deserved cradle-to-grave security," the Southerners were dodging the real issue—that of human dignity. How many of us, after all, are prepared to defend Stalin's regime because it produced full employment at a time when Western governments could not find their way out of the Depression?

The Southern conservatives who defended slavery were clearly reacting to abolitionists, but at the same time their ideas reflected their fear of a large, suddenly liberated, black population. In *Democracy in America*, Tocqueville observed that the notion of liberty deprived slavery of "that kind of moral power which it derived from time and habit; it is reduced to a mere palpable abuse of force. The Northern states had nothing to fear from the contrast, because in them the blacks were few in number, and the white population was very considerable. But if this faint dawn of freedom were to show two millions of men their true position, the oppressors would have reason to tremble." No wonder, then, that the latter stiffened their resistance to change.

Finding themselves with their backs to the wall, Southerners advanced even larger and more defiant claims. One of Genovese's subjects, historian William H. Trescot, maintained, for example, that the slave system would guarantee the South's rise to world power. But in the event, as Genovese points out, the region's economic backwardness doomed its chances in war. That backwardness only increased as a consequence of the paternalism Southerners held up for emulation. Tocqueville was right again when he wrote that "the black can claim no remuneration for his toil, but the expense of his maintenance is perpetual."

The conclusion is inescapable, and Genovese has not hesitated to draw it. In the aftermath of communism's collapse, he conceded that capitalism had proven superior to all alternatives in generating economic growth. Yet like many of his friends on the traditional right, he continues to deplore the cultural and social consequences of a system that has been "the greatest revolutionary solvent of traditional values in world history." This is Genovese's own dilemma and, like the proslavery enemies of free labor, he does not seem to know how to resolve it.

He might, however, take heart from the fact that at least one worthy spokesman for the free market, Wilhelm Röpke, recognized its limitations. The market economy, Röpke insisted, "must find its place in a higher order of things which is not ruled by supply and demand, free prices, and competition. It must be firmly contained within an all-embracing order of society in which the imperfections and harshness of economic freedom are corrected by law and in which man is not denied conditions of life appropriate to his nature."

Röpke placed his ideas firmly in the tradition of Burke. And so did many proslavery Southerners, as Larry E. Tise pointed out in *Proslavery*, his valuable history of the defense of slavery in America. Unfortunately, however, those same Southerners ignored one of Burke's most important insights: "A state without the means of some change is without the means of its conservation." ◁▷

LIBERAL ARTS

CAVEAT EMPTOR

The famous error-filled textbooks discovered in Texas went through four revisions before the "error-free" editions were discovered to have at least "550 substantive factual errors." According to the Gabler Newsletter last March, educational research analyst Mel Gabler of Longview, Texas, suspects publishers will "try to sell 'defective' merchandise in other states, rather than the editions corrected for Texas." Unlike Texas, "other states do not buy in sufficient volume to require publishers to make corrections."

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The Dictator and the Scoundrel

by Alan J. Levine

The Crisis Years: Kennedy and Khrushchev, 1960-1963
by Michael R. Beschloss
New York: HarperCollins;
816 pp., $29.95

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To anyone old enough to recall the early 1960's, the names Kennedy and Khrushchev will provoke a wealth of emotional associations far stronger than those evoked by the names of most later Presidents, or of the colorless characters who followed Khrushchev as rulers of the Soviet Union. Unfortunately, both men have been much misunderstood during the subsequent three decades. Michael Beschloss has not cleared up all misunderstandings, especially those concerning Nikita Khrushchev and his policies, but about John F. Kennedy, we now know too much—too much, at least, for his fantastically glamorized image to survive intact. *The Crisis Years*, which discloses a fair amount of new information, is a well-written book of exceptional interest, despite some severe flaws.

Beschloss' treatment of the 1961 Berlin crisis displays his virtues and faults as a historian: the revelation of new details in a skillful narrative married to an unconvincing interpretation of history. Kennedy, he argues, was successively both provocative and weak, while managing affairs of state in a shoddy and careless fashion. He recklessly bypassed the normal channels to deal with the Soviets through his brother and an obscure Soviet agent. Overreacting to Khrushchev's speech of January 6, 1961, in favor of "wars of national liberation," he then embarrassed the Soviet leader by bluntly exposing the "missile gap" as a myth—something Eisenhower had allegedly carefully avoided. Finally, he demonstrated what Khrushchev took to be weakness at the Bay of Pigs and the Vienna summit.

Even Kennedy's court historians never made his performance at Vienna look good, and Beschloss makes clear that it was a disaster. It may well be the case, as Beschloss (and before him Robert Slusser) has suggested, that the Berlin crisis was far more dangerous than has been generally realized. For Soviet sources have indicated that Khrushchev and the other Soviet leaders did not believe that Kennedy would fight over Berlin. Beschloss argues that, in his efforts to defuse the crisis, Kennedy, through the secret channel mentioned above, actually encouraged Khrushchev to seal off East Berlin with the wall (a violation of the Potsdam Agreement) to stop the flow of refugees and relieve what was allegedly the Soviets' main motive for pressure on West Berlin. His evidence for this point, however, while suggestive, is not conclusive, although the rest of this book makes it clear that Kennedy was morally capable of such an action. Since the diagnosis of Soviet motives was wrong, the crisis did not end, but rather climaxed in the famous face-off of Soviet and U.S. tanks at Checkpoint Charlie (an incident concluded by the exchange of messages through the same secret channel).

Beschloss argues, on several occasions, that Khrushchev aimed at creating only the illusion of Soviet might, and that Kennedy's exposing of that illusion, which Eisenhower allegedly refrained from doing, forced Khrushchev to become more aggressive in compensation, thus ultimately provoking an escalation of the arms race as the Soviets built to match their earlier billing. Beschloss' argument here becomes unreal. Throughout the period from 1957-1960, Eisenhower repeatedly, even angrily, insisted that the United States was *currently* superior militarily. His assertion was widely doubted in Western Europe, but not in the United States; what Americans worried about was what the situation would be in a few years. The notion of a "missile gap" that caused a furor in 1959-60 was based upon the administration's own estimate that between 1960-1964 the Soviets would lead the United States in the number of missiles in its arsenal. In 1960, after intelligence had been unable to verify the existence of the expected Soviet missiles, the administration cut back its own estimates, and openly doubted the reality of a "gap" at all. Wise or not, Kennedy's policy of disclosure did not differ from what Eisenhower had tried to do. The notion that any administration could have connived at Khrushchev's pretense of superiority, a pretense he was trying to use for blackmail, is self-evidently absurd.

Despite new information uncovered by Beschloss, the other great confrontation of the era still eludes satisfactory explanation. Beschloss argues that Khrushchev genuinely feared an American invasion of Cuba and believed that basing Soviet missiles there would deter it. Contrary to what has been widely supposed, he probably did not plan to "trade" the missiles for something else; these were to be permanent installations. Again Kennedy, according to Beschloss, helped to produce the crisis: first, by hounding the Cuban regime with covert actions and inspiring fear of an invasion; and second, by never *specifically* warning Khrushchev against placing offensive missiles in Cuba. That, and the fact that he remained unimpressed by Kennedy, led Krushchev to believe that the President would accept the missile bases or at least try to conceal their existence, attempting to negotiate once again through a secret channel. Khrushchev never expected the explosive reaction he got.

The problem with this explanation is that everyone else did. Soviet sources (which are oral recollections, not contemporary documents) indicate that Gromyko and Mikoyan, and the Cubans themselves, warned that the Americans would react violently. The general American stance over many years made it clear that, specific warning or no, Washington would never accept an offensive Soviet base in Cuba. And there is, of course, an unresolved contradiction between Khrushchev's assumption—or supposed assumption—that Kennedy was bothered enough by Cuba to invade it, and the idea that JFK could accept Soviet missiles there.

Despite *glasnost* and the thick smoke screen generated by the Kennedys and their admirers, we still know more about the American side of the story than about the Soviet one. And while Beschloss' excessive focus on personalities can be tiresome (it is hard to get worked up about Frol Kozlov's bad table manners or LBJ's aesthetic deficiencies),

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he does tell us a lot about John F. Kennedy, and none of it very flattering. For there is precious little evidence of Kennedy's competence, much less excellence; it is hard to find any indication of principles, much less idealism, in the Kennedy administration. Not to mince words, John F. Kennedy comes off in Beschloss' account as a nincompoop with the morals of a gangster. The excessive attention paid to the President's womanizing—by far his most amiable fault—has distracted people from far more serious vices. Beschloss details an almost endless record of dishonesty and folly: Kennedy was a vengeful man of consuming vanity, obsessed with publicity and the manipulation of his own image, better at avoiding responsibilities than executing them, incapable even of ordinary consistency. And all of these delightful characteristics were coated with a thick layer of hypocrisy.

It is characteristic of his grotesque egomania that, on learning of the missiles in Cuba, he moaned that Khrushchev "can't do this to me." Kennedy has often been credited with "grace under pressure"; in fact, his usual reaction under pressure seems to have been to whine that it was unfair and somebody else's fault. He accepted the Pulitzer Prize for a book he did not write, hid his poor health (which was so bad that it alone should have disqualified him from the presidency), and wiretapped his own wife. If only through his father, he had maintained a long-standing relationship with organized crime, long before his incredible sharing of a Mafia don's mistress. He recklessly let a quack feed him drugs, including amphetamines.

Unable to stand up consistently to the Soviets, he maintained a personal resentment against Castro, who was important only as Khrushchev's cat's-paw. While publicly accepting responsibility for the failure at the Bay of Pigs, he sedulously leaked false accounts to blame everyone else for the disaster. After the Cuban missile crisis, he arranged to blame Adlai Stevenson for suggesting the very concession on Turkey that he himself had made; Stevenson had proposed this concession only as part of an arrangement for a complete demilitarization of Cuba, which Kennedy failed to achieve. Tactically, it was a clever effort to hide what really happened, while exploiting Stevenson's reputation (on the whole justified) for being "soft" on the Soviets. Yet it was also part of a crazy vendetta against Stevenson—one much against Kennedy's own interests, since Stevenson still wielded considerable inflerals and could have greatly embarrassed Kennedy by resigning his post within the administration.

Did Kennedy suffer from amphetamine-induced paranoia? Or did he simply hate Stevenson because he knew his old rival was a better man? One way or the other, that great liberal leader, Adlai Stevenson, could not conceal his glee when he learned of the assassination. And had the American public known what he did—known what kind of man their President really was—one suspects that his feelings might have been widely shared.

Alan J. Levine is a historian living in New York City.

Freaks for Our Time

by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

The Animal Rights Crusade: The Growth of a Moral Protest
by James M. Jasper and Dorothy Nelkin
New York: The Free Press;
280 pp., $22.95

◆

The typical animal rights activist is a female agnostic or atheist, unmarried with no children and six "companion animals," "educated," and living a resolutely urban life in the company of other activists on behalf of all sorts of causes, most of them left-wing. This bizarre specimen of contemporary humanity aspires to echo one day over the carcass of a carnivorous, speciesist culture the words that Tosca pronounced above the prostrate body of Scarpia: "*E avanti a lui, tremava tutta Roma.*"

Although the animal rights movement as a whole cannot, after a decade of strident militancy, claim great accomplishments beyond the curtailment of the use of animals in industrial testing, and while its ultimate goal of forcing the majoritarian culture to accept animal life as inherently equal with human life is unlikely to be achieved, its emergence as a focus of international attention is a phenomenon that ought not to be taken lightly. Animal rights, like feminism and popular environmentalism, represents the triumph of emotionalism over wisdom, of sentimentalism over reason, of fantasy over common sense. It is an attempt to reinvent the wheel by people who have failed to grasp the idea of circumference. It is a chaos of perversity, short-circuited thought, and unexamined assumptions, many of which produce hilarious examples of unsuspected homocentrism. ("You're not even human," one outraged animal rightist wrote to the president of a company charged with cruelty to research animals.) It is also a not untypical constituent of that rainbow coalition of weird single-interest groups that have managed so often and in so many instances to co-opt the attentions of the so-called mainstream political parties, the result being that politicians and commentators today spend their time debating crackpot "philosophy" instead of those grave matters of state that in better times were the staple of political discourse: gunboats, diplomacy, and trade.

The animal rights movement, like so many other movements that afflict contemporary society, is a Frankenstein monster created by people who are themselves half Frankensteins. Professors Jasper and Nelkin discern its origins in the first animal protection bill introduced in the British Parliament in 1800, and in the subsequent founding of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in 1824. Before the century's end, the SPCA had its counterparts in the United States where, as in Great Britain, the immediate cause of reformist sentiment was the observable maltreatment of carriage animals. The replacement of the horse by the automobile in the early years of the 20th century caused concern for the welfare of animals to subside in America until the 1950's, when a number of new associations, among them the Humane Society of the United States, were formed to protest cruelty to animals used in medical research, as well as inhumane methods applied to the wholesale butchering of slaughterhouse animals. In the 1960's, the radicalization of a significant minority of the animal protectionist movement produced the Fund for Animals, founded by Cleveland Amory in 1967. Even the FFA, however, is essentially a preservationist organization, concerned for the protection of endangered species such as the Gray Timberwolf. With the emergence of the

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animal rights theorists in the mid-70's, sanity in the animal protectionist community went out the window, following immediately upon the vanishing heels of philosophy itself. Nineteen seventy-five saw the publication of Peter Singer's *Animal Liberation: A New Ethics for Our Treatment of Animals*, which was rapidly accepted as the bible of the animal rights movement and has sold hundreds

of thousands of copies. The creation of an "ideology" of animal liberation led to the eclipse of moderate organizations by fanatical ones like the Animal Liberation Front, which employs terrorist tactics to rescue lab animals, and People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, whose co-founder, Ingrid Newkirk, is notorious for her complaint that, "Six million people died in concentration camps, but six billion broiler chickens will die this year in slaughterhouses," as well as for the profound moral assertion that, "A rat is a pig is a dog is a boy." Animal rightists attack environmentalists for their concern with the welfare of species over the plight of individuals within the species, which Tom Regan—Professor of Philosophy at North Carolina State University and the author of *The Case for Animal Rights*—condemns as an example of "environmental fascism." They oppose the ownership of pets, the keeping of animals in zoos, their use in circuses, rodeos, and other kinds of "exploitive" and "frivolous" human activity, and—of course—hunting. They are strict vegetarians, and call for laws prohibiting the consumption of meat by society at large. Many, if not most, of them find it easier to love an animal than another human being.

Nelkin and Jasper speculate that a necessary condition for the emergence of the animal rights movement is the extreme urbanization of modern society, in which the great majority of people, living at a remove from the natural world, are tempted to anthropomorphize animals and to sentimentalize animality itself. While urbanization is undoubtedly a factor, so complete an abandonment of reality must have its cause in some blight upon the human spirit more dreadful even than New York City. Animal rights freaks are said by investigating sociologists to be "educated," a fact that prompts the question, "Educated in what?"

The modern world, as Flannery O'Connor showed again and again in her work, is both terrible and comic; it is also, as she clearly saw, pathetic. In a reference to what she called "do-it-yourself religion," she put her finger squarely on the final cause of the terribly comic and the comically terrible. "We are all," she wrote, "the Poor"; and we are becoming, in increasing numbers, the Freaks as well. What, after all, could be more freakish than a civilization resolved to turn its back on a four-thousand-year-old tradition capable of providing it with the truth it so desperately craves, in order to embrace the do-it-yourself cosmologies of an assortment of TV hosts and state university professors? And what more pathetic than human beings choosing animal love over human love, from fear of being made to face the truth that only human love reveals?

Chilton Williamson, Jr. is senior editor for books at Chronicles.

Strange Days

by Gregory McNamee

Heaven on Earth: Dispatches From America's Spiritual Frontier
by Michael D'Antonio
New York: Crown Publishers; 422 pp., $20.00

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The wide-eyed declamations of Shirley MacLaine to the contrary, there is nothing particularly new about the so-called New Age, that hodgepodge of religious borrowings from diverse sources ranging from the genuine (Buddhism, cybernetics) to the quackish (L. Ron Hubbard, Ignatius Donnelly). What is new—and surprising, in a creepy sort of way—is the number of Americans who now profess some sort of affiliation with the New Age. According to a recent study by sociologists at the University of California at Santa Barbara, 42 million customers are being served regularly in the New Age cafeteria of beliefs. If organized into a single group, they would constitute the nation's third most populous church.

The foundation of this New Age is centuries old. Reinforced by the American tradition of religious dissent, it draws on charismatic Christian fundamentalism and the spirit-medium beliefs of certain evangelical sects founded in the last two centuries. In deference to the anti-Western tenor of the 1960's, it borrows even more heavily from classical Asian religions, twisting them enough to offend any purist's sensibilities. (Jamie Lee Curtis to Kevin Kline in the movie *A Fish Called Wanda*: "The central message of Buddhism is not 'Every man for himself.' . . . I've looked it up.") Accordingly, the New Age—or rather, the manifold variations of the New Age—draws in billions of dollars a year.

The entertainment and news media (which these days are one and the same thing) have treated the subject superficially, except in a handful of titillating cases such as the matter of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and her Ascended Masters of the Great White Brotherhood, a wacky congregation that a couple of years ago was busily constructing bomb shelters in Montana against impending nuclear Armageddon. Instead, they have provided endless television specials on occultism, like *Ghost*, that embrace the New Age fad. For that reason alone Michael D'Antonio's *Heaven on Earth* is welcome.

D'Antonio, a reporter on religion for *Newsday*, has spent the last few years tracking the New Age in its many guises. His discoveries are sobering, even a little frightening. He takes us to towns that have been appropriated by the New Age's practitioners, among them Sedona, Arizona, wrested from the Tonto Apaches only to be turned into a loopy retreat for the spiritually bewildered; Mount Shasta, California, presumably a beacon for alien starships, to judge by its present inhabitants; and Carbondale, Illinois, where Buckminster Fuller has given way to Guru Mahara Ji. Along the way, he considers the ideas of such luminaries as a public school teacher who burbles, "I feel very connected to the Earth, to my spiritual self," and one Louise Hay, who counsels victims of AIDS with the notion that they must be the reincarnated spirits of Nazi con-

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centration-camp guards, "brought back to endure a fate similar to that of their victims." (Strangely, this odd idea has found many followers among the disease's sufferers.) He is particularly good on the goings-on at Maharishi International University, in rural Iowa, where Transcendental Meditation and "yogic flying" are among the few subjects taught under a tuition-fee schedule that rivals Harvard's. He exposes the unlikely accomplishments of "psychic surgeon" Bernie Siegel, now a staple of that bastion of reason, PBS; best-selling guidance counselor M. Scott Peck, a master of the psychology of blaming others for one's own flaws; and Lazaris, spirit medium or "channeler" to the rich and famous, whose followers like to claim credit for such things as having ended apartheid by meditating from afar through the spirits of de Klerk and Mandela. (I'd like to be making this up, but it's true.) It almost goes without saying that such men and women are earning substantial fortunes spouting this and other nonsense, and that their market seems infinite.

Heaven on Earth is reportage, not sociology. D'Antonio offers plenty of useful observations—notably, that the New Age is the province of well-heeled, moneyed, white Anglo-Saxon Protestants, with few subscribers among the growing underclass. In his determination to be objective D'Antonio gives repellent ideas more benefit of doubt than they deserve, and he deliberately avoids "value judgments." An unrepentant believer in certain Old Ways, I often found myself wishing that D'Antonio would cry, "Balderdash!" or even some stronger expletive, instead of simply smiling numbly at the countless charlatans he has met along his way. This is a heartless world, and while we all need succor, there's entirely too much suckering afoot. D'Antonio might have said as much.

What he leaves unsaid remains for another book, awaiting which we can reread Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Blithedale Romance*, a novel that skewers the New Age of the 19th century and retains its razor edge today. In the meanwhile, *Heaven on Earth* serves very well as a catalog of current tomfooleries. At the very least, it warns us of even stranger days to come.

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Onan Agonistes

by J.O. Tate

The Runaway Soul
by Harold Brodkey
New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux;
835 pp., $30.00

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I've been trying to figure out what somebody could do with the thirty bucks (plus tax) that they're asking for Harold Brodkey's word-processing product. My copy was no bargain for free. You could buy two pizzas and two six-packs and have quite a party for that sum. You could wire your sweetie pie a nice bouquet by FTD. If movies were worth seeing, you could buy five tickets. There are all kinds of things you could do with the money, but the big loss is in time and energy—time that might have been spent on subgingival curettage or root canal work or study of feminist theory or whatever. Perhaps a mercifully brief description of *The Runaway Soul* will show just why its perusal would seem fitting for few others besides Harold Bloom, Gordon Lish, Keith Mano, and those who have puffed Harold Brodkey's "genius." There are two elements of the novel that I can bring myself to comment on. The first is substance; the second, style.

The Runaway Soul is a highly subjective *Künstlerroman* freighted with an elaborate psychological apparatus, a Freudian family romance, and a concentration of the hero-narrator's "growth," "genius," consciousness, and masturbatory sex life. The orphan Wiley Silenowicz, whose adoptive name suggests both wiliness and Silenus, relates somehow the tangled bafflements (he does not or cannot "tell a story") concerning his second family: his father S.L., his mother Lila, and his older sister Nonie. These characters each have their moments, their presences in Wiley's life and consciousness; of the three, one inspired in me a flicker of interest—Nonie, who seems to be pathologically wicked and hates Wiley, and who appears to have killed two other siblings. My own hope—that she would terminate Wiley's interminable "narrative" by stabbing him to death with a sharp instrument, by killing him with a revolver or with a sporting rifle or shotgun or semiautomatic or fully automatic weapon, by setting him on fire with gasoline, or by squashing him to death with a laundromat—was not fulfilled. Other characters in the novel include a lover of Wiley's later years, Ora (a.k.a. Orra), whom I took to be female even though at least one of Wiley's sexual encounters with her/him seemed to end—if that is the right word—in yet another of his physical and literary masturbations. Anyway, Wiley's homosexual episodes with Remsen and Daniel and others are entirely suited to his character, being either literally or essentially masturbatory in those same senses of that word by now extremely familiar to both the reader and the explicator of *The Runaway Soul*.

Reading between the lines that are themselves unreadable, we may discern the elements of a novel that somehow escaped the master's grasp. There are even brief glimpses of daylight and of the out-of-doors, as well as of social life, which in other hands would have constituted a narrative; though even here, we would have had to admit that touches like Ora's father, the literary scene as embodied in New York cocktail parties, and a few others, constitute material that has already been treated adequately by Norman Mailer.

Even granting the genius his *donnée*, there may yet be some slight reservation about a prose style that would gag a buzzard. The trouble with Wiley-as-narrator is that he writes like Harold Brodkey on a good day. He seems to have an ungift, an ineptitude with language that he inflicts unsparingly on his audience: he goes for the off-putting word—even the wrong sound, not to mention the unwelcome thought—unerringly. As Wiley lovably says, "But, for me, isn't it self-love that starts the progress towards orgasm?" He knows himself: "I sort of gawp—inwardly." Ain't it the truth.

The following lines, chosen by a *sorites Brodeyanae*, represent the ineffable style of the revered master: "I don't *know* of what elements my heterosexuality consists. Or my androgyny." And this paragraph:

> It wasn't that I was so grand sexually. I am acceptable sexually (which is actually quite a lot), but I make a point of it, of being that, and that doubles the acceptability for some people, that it is something known, and that one *tries* to be it. Often, then, I am a little bored sexually—that redoubles it

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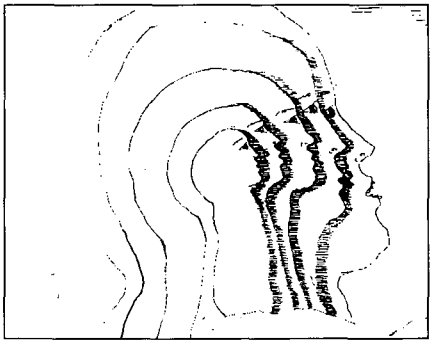
. . . Only a little bored . . . "You are the handsomest man in the world"—she says that; it is a metaphor of a kind. She was collecting herself, finding herself, in an inconsecutive way, among the consecutions of our invention of our sexual tone back and forth, and in the faith that in the sequence of moments something might happen and all the moments (all our moments) were unbetrayed so far and would be unbetrayed still at the end, sort of.

The combination of substance (masturbation and genius) conveyed by style (noisome droning—the Brodkey touch) is one that leaves something, anything, and everything to be desired. Reflection suggests that *The Runaway Soul*, besides not having any soul, didn't run away far enough, and that if there had been any *Künst*, then there might have also been some *Roman*. As it is, this thing ranks not only with the worst novels I have read in the last 35 years but with the most unpleasant experiences I have ever endured. To listen to Wiley Silenowicz relate the uncanny growth of his narcissistic mind, only to wind up with yet another tenderly rendered masturbation scene after some seven hundred pages, is enough to confirm thoughts about the New York literary



scene that I have long entertained.

Considering with how much breathless expectancy this book was anticipated (for 27 years), we may well wonder about the competence of those who touted the author for a generation. And when we consider the price that is asked not so much in money as in exasperation and degradation, we may also wonder about the state of culture in a nation with such an inverted sense of art.

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Poetry That Matters

by R.S. Gwynn

The Gods of Winter
by Dana Gioia
St. Paul, Minnesota: Graywolf Press; 62 pp., $22.95

◆

In the May 1991 issue of the *Atlantic* poet and critic Dana Gioia asked "Can Poetry Matter?" Gioia, who has spent most of his working life outside of the academy, warns of a species in danger of extinction, the vanishing general audience for poetry that existed in this country only a few decades ago. He finds it paradoxical that poets "as individual artists . . . are almost invisible" in a time when, judging by the sheer numbers of publications, readings, and professional sinecures, the art and its practitioners would seem to be in the middle of an American quattrocento. Gioia does not slight the complexity of the cultural antecedents of a "boom [that] has been a distressingly confined phenomenon," but his chief culprits are the wildly proliferating spawn of the creative writing programs, which have stratified into "a large professional class for the production and reception of new poetry, comprising legions of teachers, graduate students, editors, publishers, and administrators." Indeed, the Associated Writing Programs (AWP) have become, in the space of only two decades, one of the most powerfully entrenched organizations in American academia.

The result of this increasingly inbred "poetry subculture" is that "the energy of American poetry, which was once directed outward, is now increasingly focused inward. Reputations are made and rewards distributed within the poetry subculture. . . . [A] 'famous' poet now means someone famous only to other poets. But there are enough poets to make that local fame relatively meaningful. Not long ago, 'only poets read poetry' was meant as damning criticism. Now it is a proven marketing strategy." Gioia is not alone in these fears and is by no means the first to voice them. As early as 1957 Hugh Kenner remarked, "I cannot help thinking that a civilization is in very perilous condition when all its writers have been driven into the universities." It is worth noting in this respect that when we refer to a matter as "academic" we are in fact dismissing it as unimportant.

Gioia offers a few suggestions by which "poets and poetry teachers [might] take more responsibility for bringing their art to the public," among them, reading from other authors at their own readings and perhaps allowing performance of other art forms to be integrated with their own; more candor by poets in reviewing and greater rigor in editing, especially in the production of anthologies that "should not be used as pork barrels for the creative-writing trade"; and an increased attention to the public performance of poetry, both in the classroom and over college and public-supported radio, a medium hitherto largely neglected. These are indeed modest proposals, more of a wish list than anything, but they and the article's other remarks occasioned several hundred letters to the *Atlantic*. The editors were surprised by the breadth of the response, observing several months later that they had received as well many newspaper clippings from around the country that commented on the article.

Because Gioia dared to call America's poetry establishment into question, he has probably managed to place himself permanently outside its circles of power; his new book has been only sparingly reviewed. Yet *The Gods of Winter* is as good a book as one is likely to see this year—varied, formally complex, ambitious in its two longer poems, and unusually free from the sort of adolescent self-indulgence that characterizes much contemporary American poetry, particularly that which comes from the writing workshops. In this second collection Gioia is writing for *adults*, not the captive college reading-circuit crowd, and it is clear that he respects his audience's intelligence. Here, in "The Next Poem," he presents an aesthetic description of the type of poetry that he rarely encounters yet still desires to write:

> The music that of common
> speech
> but slanted so that each detail
> sounds unexpected as a sharp
> inserted in a simple scale.
>
> No jumble box of imagery
> dumped glumly in the reader's
> lap
> or elegantly packaged junk
> the unsuspecting must unwrap.

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But words that could direct a friend
precisely to an unknown place,
those few unshakable details
that no confusion can erase.

Despite having produced a considerable amount of work in open forms, Gioia is often listed among a group of poets known as the New Formalists, who have tried, in various ways, to consolidate some aspects of modernism with others drawn from popular culture and traditional poetry. Yet, appealing as these witty turns are, one may prefer the more intimate voice that speaks in the loosely metered lines of "Planting a Sequoia," one of several poems in the collection contrasting evanescence (in this case a son who died in infancy) and permanence:

We plant you in the corner of the grove, bathed in western light,
A slender shoot against the sunset.

And when our family is no more,
all of his unborn brothers dead,
Every niece and nephew scattered, the house torn down,
His mother's beauty ashes in the air,
I want you to stand among strangers, all young and ephemeral to you,
Silently keeping the secret of your birth.

The most impressive single poem in the volume is "Counting the Children," a realistic narrative of slightly over 150 lines. The persona, a Chinese-American accountant named Choi, has come to the home of an eccentric female intestate to take inventory. In one of the dead woman's rooms he finds an astonishing collection:

I walked into a room of wooden shelves
Stretching from floor to ceiling, wall to wall,
With smaller shelves arranged along the center.

A crowd of faces looked up silently.
Shoulder to shoulder, standing all in rows,
Hundreds of dolls were lining every wall.

Not a collection anyone would want—
Just ordinary dolls salvaged from the trash
With dozens of each kind all set together.

Some battered, others missing arms and legs,
Shelf after shelf of the same dusty stare
As if despair could be assuaged by order.

He speculates about the whereabouts of "the children who promised them love . . . / The small, caressing hands, the lips which whispered / Secrets in the dark," and later, in his own home, a nightmare wakes him to thoughts of his own daughter:

How delicate this vessel in our care,
This gentle soul we summoned to the world,
A life we treasured but could not protect.

Gioia took considerable risks in releasing this book hard on the heels of his critique of the contemporary scene, but he has indeed produced poetry that "can matter" to the intelligent common reader. *The Gods of Winter* was recently named a selection of the British Poetry Book Society, the first time in recent memory that a book by an American poet has been so honored.

R.S. Gwynn is a professor of English at Lamar University in Beaumont, Texas.

BRIEF MENTIONS

THE CULTURE OF SPENDING: WHY CONGRESS LIVES BEYOND OUR MEANS
by James L. Payne
San Francisco: Institute for Contemporary Studies;
225 pp., $24.95

In spite of election-year criticism of White House and congressional perks, few politicians are willing to acknowledge that government at its core is "a deeply flawed problem solving institution" in need of reform. So argues James Payne in *The Culture of Spending*. He details the habits of Capitol Hill that have institutionalized the proclivity to spend. For Democrats and Republicans alike, it is axiomatic that government can and should deal with housing, day-care, health insurance, etc.—personal goods and services considered "public goods" that consume "nearly three-quarters of federal government funds." This belief is reinforced in committee hearings, policy evaluations, and distortions in the media that expect government solutions rather than the truth, "that the real remedy for a social problem involves slow, incremental steps by thousands of individuals acting in their tiny spheres to improve manners, values and culture."

Oversight committees are "incestuous," relying on the testimony of lobbyists and a significant proportion of congressmen. The hearing process is glutted by claimants for federal handouts who outnumber conservative, antispending groups by "several hundred to one." Congressmen marshal fallacious arguments—federal feeding programs "save money" and public works projects somehow "generate revenue." "The main message congressmen hear is that government programs are a success" because the opportunity cost to taxpayers—money that would otherwise be spent privately—is omitted from the accounting process. No one "seriously considers the idea of *no program*." Even the Republican-controlled White House has failed to restrain spending. Gramm-Rudman, the last best hope for legal budgetary restraint, was delivered a blow in 1991 when President Bush approved $245 billion in additional domestic spending over the next five years.

Because "public officials love government more than the people they [are] supposed to serve," Payne favors term limitations, a ban on state legislators from entering Congress, a permanent antispending voice in the legislative process with an "equal-time rule" in committee hearings, and a requirement that program evaluations by conducted by avowed opponents of spending. Of course, no serious reform will occur until constituents are as angered by taxes and the federal deficit as they were outraged by the House-banking scandal.

—Emily Adams

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Letter From New York

by Murray N. Rothbard

When Democracy Comes to Town

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It was one of those political pundit panels on C-SPAN. Mona Charen, neoconservative columnist, was asked to sum up her experiences in the Kemp-for-President campaign in 1988. Miss Charen grew unwontedly misty-eyed: "The [democratic] process," she sighed wistfully. "The process was so wonderful."

It is doubtful if any of the presidential candidates or their handlers would ever become misty-eyed over "the process" in New York. New York, ever rude, feisty, and anarchic, is always a meat grinder for presidential candidates, and often their graveyard. Four years ago, Senator Al Gore, young handsome Tennessean admired by the left neoconservatives, was chopped up and destroyed in New York, despite the blessing of Mayor Ed Koch.

This year, the two fiery weeks of New York campaigning seemed like a perfect place to bury the hopes of Bill Clinton. The signs were auspicious. In the first place, in a year when everyone hates Washington politicians, New Yorkers are especially equipped for the task. The New Yorker, ever scornful of authority, habitually hates all politicians as crooks and hypocrites. New Yorkers get their energy from hate vibes, which are almost tangible in the city. The New Yorker imbibes hatred of his fellowman with his mother's milk. Everyone remarked on how thoughtful and well-read New Hampshirites were in this year's primary. New Yorkers, always interested in presidential politics, are equally well-read. The difference is that they have no respect, and are not slow in expressing their disrespect for (or "dissing") the candidate.

The second reason for having anticipated the destruction of Clinton is that New Yorkers are particularly contemptuous of Southerners (hence the mugging of Al Gore). There are many sources of this contempt. First, the New Yorker regards everyone west of the Hudson as a rube and a hayseed. He often refers to crossing the Hudson as "hitting the dunes." Southerners, in particular, are scorned for their drawl and their legendary courtesy. The New Yorker is convinced in his bones that slow talk reflects a slow mind; and since he himself is rarely polite, he can only regard a courteous Southerner as a con man, a fortiori any Southern politician. The contrasting speech patterns of the two regions reflect the attitudes toward courtesy. The New Yorker's speech is terse, direct, candid, in-your-face; he can only regard the Southerner's loquacity as oafish, repetitive, an unintelligent bombast. *Fred Allen*'s "Senator Claghorn" immortalized the New Yorker's view of the Southern politico: "Ah say, suh, ah say. . ."

Unfortunately, the performance of the two Southern senators at the Clarence Thomas hearings was scarcely calculated to dispel the New Yorker's stereotype. Senator Heflin's seeming inability to complete a single question in his allotted half hour, coupled with Senator Thurmond's incomprehensible gibberish, paved the way for the New Yorker's reception of Governor Clinton. "Dumb, verbose con man" would about sum up the instinctive New York response; I don't know who coined the immortal phrase "Slick Willie" for Clinton, but it should have been a New Yorker.

The third reason for having expected a Clinton Waterloo in New York is the state of its media, especially its press. There was a lot of confusion about the media reaction to Clinton, whether or not it was favorable. The only way to grasp the situation is to separate the media into the Respectables and the Non-Respectables. The Respectable Media have anointed Clinton with respect and adoration from the very beginning of the campaign. Hence the *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, *New York* magazine, and network pundits were not only extremely pro-Clinton; they formed a virtual *cordon sanitaire* to try to defend him from the continuing character charges. Not so the Non-Respectable Media, which uncovered and spread the charges. Unlike the Respectables, the Non-Respectables are not committed to left-center ideology; instead, they are much more interested in high ratings or selling papers. Uncovering the shocking truth comes long before ideology in their book. In New York, the Non-Respectables are legion, including the inevitable radio talk shows, and local television.

It is particularly important to understand the unique role of the New York press. Most cities in America are now one-newspaper towns, their "Front Page" glory days of battling competitors for a scoop long behind them. Hence, most newspapers have become fat and respectable, content to accept handouts and mouth the common ideological party line. Not so in New York, a town of three fiercely competitive tabloids, each perpetually on the verge of bankruptcy. So, the frenzied pace of New York media, added to the habitual New York lack of deference, leads to brutal assaults on visiting presidential hopefuls, coupled with old-fashioned enthusiasm for digging up the dirt on politicians.

And so I had hope that New York would do in Clinton. For a while it looked as if this would come true. Even though the *New York Post*'s neoconservative editorial page editor, Eric Breindel, endorsed Clinton, its news pages and columnists, headed by street-smart liberal and friend of the Cuomo family, Mike McAlary, savaged Clinton daily. The first week of the Clinton campaign was New York rudeness and irreverence at its most bracing. One of Clinton's favorite gigs and photo opportunities in his campaign has been visiting high schools, where the kids have been deferential, asking him puffball questions and docilely accepting Slick Willie's usual evasive answers. Not so New York, baby. Clinton and his television retinue addressed a group of eager kids at Bayside High School in Queens. The tone was set at the very beginning. The student president introduced Clinton as follows: "Mr. Clinton is trying to become President, but *I'm* already president." It was downhill from there. Asked about gun control, Clinton gave the usual liberal answers, and was stunned to find the mainly black and Puerto Rican student body scornful: "Jeez, everyone knows that any criminal can buy a gun anytime he wants!" The

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students also perceptively accused Clinton of not caring about their answers and only using the occasion as a photo opportunity. "There are more cameras than kids in here!" Clinton soon dropped the high school gambit in New York.

Then, at a Clinton rally, the Governor retreated in confusion when Lenora Fulani, the black Marxist candidate of the New Alliance Party, interrupted him and started a speech of her own. Not knowing what to do, Clinton beat it out of there.

From the very beginning Clinton was met with bitter scorn, his Southern region mocked. He was first greeted by a typically New York placard, "Bubba Stinks!" Taken aback, Clinton and his advisers were bitter about being called "Bubba"—not exactly appropriate for a Rhodes Scholar, they felt. By the second week, however, Clinton, with his usual Eveready rabbit persistence, was ready to claim that "Bubba" was really a welcome mark of respect from his New York fans.

One time at noon, Clinton paid a brief visit to a Manhattan drugstore. On emerging, he encountered a guy walking his dog. Immediately, this typical New Yorker called out: "Hey, Governor, are you going to grant amnesty to *all* drug pushers, or just to your buddies?" Slick Willie bristled at the knowledgeable, if impudent, remark.

Governor Clinton has built much of his campaign on obtaining black and Jewish support. Advised correctly that New York is a seething ferment of special-interest groups, Clinton was prepared to be a "pander-bear" (in Paul Tsongas's memorable phrase) to the maximum. Addressing a group of Orthodox Jews in Brooklyn, however, Slick Willie almost went too far. He pledged that when he gets to be President, the White House would keep a "glatt kosher" kitchen, that is, a rigidly kosher kitchen under the continuing supervision of an Orthodox rabbi. The assembled Orthodox laughed, seeing the absurdity. Apparently, Clinton did not realize that Orthodox Jews have no interest whatever in gentiles keeping kosher, and in fact regard the whole idea as ludicrous—sort of like Jews or Muslims pledging to Christians that they would take communion. One rabbi at the gathering laughingly commented that Clinton must be trying to sell a lot of Arkansas chickens.

Of course, the most damaging admission of the entire Clinton campaign was elicited by a feisty female local TV reporter. Asked about ever smoking a marijuana cigarette, Clinton had always solemnly replied, "Ah have never broken the laws of the United States." Grasping Slick Willie's pettifogging mind-set, she asked Clinton: "Have you ever violated the laws of any other nation?" At which point Clinton, sworn to tell the truth according to his fashion, conceded that he had smoked a few in England, and then added the killer: "But ah never inhaled; ah never enjoyed it." The never-inhaled line will haunt him from now on; already it has drawn guffaws from routines by Billy Crystal at the Academy Awards and by Jay Leno. Jokes such as "I once gargled some booze, but I never swallowed it," followed inevitably.

For a while, indeed, it looked as if Governor Brown would trounce Clinton in New York. Barreling into the city after a smashing triumph in Connecticut, Brown at first did very well, tapping into the New York anger and hatred of politicians. Brown needed to overcome the New Yorker's conviction that all Californians are flakes, and that Governor Moonbeam was a particularly wacky specimen of the breed. Brown began with his youth support, as well as endorsements by the leaders of left unionism, in particular the much lionized Dennis Rivera, of the longtime leftist Drug and Hospital Workers Union.

Unfortunately, Brown was badly advised, and he came a-cropper in New York with his rash pledge to select Jesse Jackson as his vice-presidential candidate. Jackson didn't say yes, but he sure didn't say no, and he happily stumped the city with Brown. By this pledge, Brown irretrievably lost the crucial Jewish vote, for almost every Jew, left or right, is deeply convinced that Jackson is an anti-Semite. The reaction was symbolized, and replayed over and over, on TV: Brown, addressing the Jewish Community Relations Council of New York, was interrupted and angrily challenged by fiery Brooklyn State Assemblyman Dov Hikind, an Orthodox Jew replete with *yarmulke*, who denounced Brown for selecting the "anti-Semite" Jackson. Hikind, though a Republican, had already endorsed Clinton. Even though the Jewish leadership hustled Hikind out of there, most of the audience shouted agreement with the dissident. Brown's liberal pieties about "bringing black and white together" and about "healing" were not going to work with *this* crowd.

Presumably the French moviemaker Jacques Barzaghi and Brown's other advisers know nothing about New York; perhaps they thought that the loss of Jewish voters would be made up in black support. The fools! When Pat Buchanan moved on from New Hampshire to Georgia, a Georgia political scientist was asked whether Pat would do well with the crossover "Bubba" vote in Georgia. "Bubba don't vote in primaries," the political scientist astutely replied. In the same way, blacks and Puerto Ricans don't vote in New York primaries. It's true that the blacks had trooped out in unaccustomed numbers to vote for Jesse in 1988; but they're not going to turn out like that for any white guy, pro-Jesse or not. Indeed, the total black vote in New York fell by no less than 60 percent from 1988. On the other hand, Jews always vote in primaries, so that they, though only 11 percent of New York's population, can constitute 30 percent or more of the total Democratic primary vote.

And so the Brown disaster in New York, winning only 9 percent of the Jewish vote. Clinton did not get a landslide of Jews, however; about 35 percent of them voted for Tsongas, despite his leaving the race earlier. Partly, Jews were reacting to the general upper-middle-class attraction to Tsongas; partly they were taking Ed Koch's advice of voting for Tsongas as a convenient protest vehicle against both front-runners, and hoping for a brokered convention (and perhaps a final "Mario Scenario") in August.

Heartland Americans might have been confused by the primary results, in which Clinton came in first with about 41 percent of the vote, and confused by the ethnic breakdown in the polls: Jews with a majority for Clinton, blacks with a plurality for Brown, and white Catholics about equally split between the three candidates. But where were the WASPs? Was their absence a typographical error? No, for the bewildering but undeniable fact is that there are no WASPs voting in New York's Democratic primary, or at least not enough to become statistically significant. WASPs in New York all vote Republican, while Irish and Italian Catholics are split between the two parties.

As a result, the complexities of New

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York politics can only be understood by grasping its powerful ethno-religious dimension. When centrist Irish Catholic Pat Moynihan first ran for U.S. Senate, he only defeated the popular and pugnacious left-wing Jewish Congresswoman Bella Abzug by a tiny margin in the Democratic primary. Bella, however, would have been smashed by the far more conservative WASP, Irish, and Italian voters in the general election. But once having squeaked through the primary, the election became an inevitable romp for Moynihan. And, since then, the advantage of incumbency has meant that Moynihan has become invincible, facing no primary opposition and virtually no opposition from the Republicans in general elections.

This year's senatorial race is harder to figure. Senator Al D'Amato has the requisite abrasive style, but various ethical peccadilloes have made him vulnerable. Originally, four candidates were battling it out for the Democratic spot. One, unknown in the city but commanding centrist support "upstate" (anywhere outside of New York City), was Long Island Representative Bob Mrazek. It turned out, however, that Mrazek was one of the worst check-bouncing offenders in the House (he was immediately dubbed "The Bouncing Czech" in the tabloids), and he was obliged to drop out of the race and even out of any race for his old House seat. This left three ideologically indistinguishable left-liberals: Attorney General Bob Abrams, City Controller Liz Holtzman, and the legendary Geraldine Ferraro, trying for a comeback. The powerful feminist vote, torn at first between the two ladies, at last reacted against the tough, glowering (dare I say "mannish"?) style of ex-Congresswoman Holtzman, and in favor of the warm, feminine style of Ferraro, a choice the feminists rationalized as honoring the pioneer female vice-presidential candidate. At this writing, it looks like either Abrams or Ferraro in the primary, with the November election too close to call.

So, because of Brown's gaffe, New York did not succeed in putting away Slick Willie, but it did manage to crush Brown, and perhaps to wound Clinton permanently for November. The total Democratic primary vote was down by a full 38 percent from four years ago, a clear indication that Clinton's nomination may not be worth much more than Mondale's or Dukakis's come November. All in all, a pretty fair piece of work for two weeks in the Big Apple.

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Letter From the Lower Right

by John Shelton Reed

The Texas Wild Card

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One evening last winter my buddy Eugene and I were shooting the breeze while we sort of half-watched the new, citified *Hee Haw* (it's not the sort of show you want to watch alone, and my wife, a nose-breather, won't watch it with me). Eugene had just finished telling the one about the difference between Fidel Castro and a jockstrap (you really don't want to know) when he volunteered that if he lived in Michigan or someplace he might vote for David Duke. I asked him what Michigan had to do with it. (I don't always follow his thought processes.)

"I wouldn't want to make North Carolina look bad."

That made sense, in a way. But Eugene is a patriot who hasn't forgotten World War II, so I asked him why he'd even consider voting for the boy Nazi—even if he lived in a state he wouldn't mind embarrassing.

"Well, I probably wouldn't do it. But who *do* you have to vote for to put a stop to this stuff?"

Of course, I knew what "stuff" he meant. The President we voted for raised our taxes, after saying he wouldn't. He signed something that can be distinguished from a quota bill only by the eye of Faith. His Justice Department has been trying to reinstate *Plessy* v. *Ferguson* in Alabama higher education, and it's using what Eugene calls the "Vote Right Act" (as in, vote right or we'll change the rules) to create Bantustan congressional districts in North Carolina. Our sickly industries face more regulation now than Jimmy Carter ever dreamed of, and now we're looking at a me-too health-care proposal that threatens to combine National Health efficiency and fee-for-service prices. Even in foreign affairs, where the President is supposed to know what he's doing, he sucked up to the dictator of Communist Russia a lot longer than he had to, and he arranged the demise of a few hundred thousand Iraqis, none of them named Saddam Hussein. Now he's put a smarmy junk bond king on his campaign finance committee, which confirms everyone's worst suspicions about Republicans.

That's just for starters, and without even going into what he *hasn't* done. So, yeah, I knew what Eugene meant. You could say that George Bush has been a disappointment. "But give him credit," I said. "It looks like we're finally going to get an Elvis postage stamp." Eugene nodded. "There is that." "Besides," I asked, "who else are you going to vote for? Bill Clinton? The guy whose wife dissed Tammy Wynette?" "Naw," said Eugene, "he ain't nothing but Jim Hunt with a sex drive." (I guess you have to know our former governor, but maybe you can work backwards.)

We were sitting there feeling pretty blue about all this, when some old weepy country song came on the TV to remind us that there are worse things in life than politics gone bad.

> How small of all that human
> hearts endure
> That part that kings or laws can
> cause or cure.

Sam Johnson's words, but a pure country music sentiment.

Still, I wasn't surprised when I ran into Eugene a few months later and found him sporting a Ross Perot button. "What do you know about Perot," I asked him. "Not a damn thing," he said. "That's the beauty part of it."

Well, that appeal won't last. By the time you read this we should all know a lot more about Mr. Perot. He could have decided not to run after all, or he could be becalmed in the single digits where most independent candidates wind up; as I write, though, the polls show this political cipher, basically a "none of the above" candidate, giving Clinton a run for second place nationally, and leading both Clinton and Bush in Texas. This could be even more entertaining than *Hee Haw*.

One thing that's already fun is watch-

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ing responsible commentators explain that, yes, Perot's candidacy is amusing, but sooner or later we're going to have to get serious. Guys, Eugene *is* serious. When he stops and thinks about it, he's (all together, now) *mad as hell and not going to take it anymore.* When the 60's radicals chanted "Smash the State," Ross Perot wasn't what they had in mind—but, for Eugene, he'll do. Now that the Soviet threat is gone, reckless voting seems less dangerous, and the answer to the question "how much worse could it be?" isn't that clear anymore. So maybe government wouldn't work with Perot as President. You got a problem with that?

Perot's appeal isn't ideological. Who knows what his ideology is? Does he have one? Who cares? In this respect he's like our last serious non-politician politician, Dwight Eisenhower. (Russell Kirk, you may remember, defended Ike against the John Birch Society by saying that he wasn't a Communist, he was a golfer.) Perot certainly has *opinions*, on everything from high school football eligibility to abortion, but he presents them and probably sees them as simply "common sense." If enough voters see them that way, too, he could go far.

No, Perot is, if anything, an *anti*-ideological candidate, with an attraction for those who are disgusted not just with government but with latter-day politics, with constant public yammering and wrangling about rights and principles.

Take Eugene again. They say a Middle Eastern moderate is someone whose motto is "Death to Extremists"—well, Eugene could buy that. He's certainly not a liberal and you'd call most of his views conservative, but he's not *a* conservative, and he doesn't like most people who are. He's still a registered Democrat, so he couldn't have voted for Pat Buchanan if he'd wanted to. But he wouldn't have anyway. As far as Eugene is concerned, anyone who is on Sunday afternoon TV is part of the problem. As he sees it, the fact that both liberals and conservatives deprecate and dislike Perot is a big point in his favor.

Something else Perot has in common with Ike is that he's thought to be politically inexperienced. Politicos and political junkies seem to be puzzled and annoyed when voters find that charming. How *dare* he, you can almost hear them saying. Where are his *position papers*? Now, in fact, a billionaire government contractor is no more likely than a General of the Army actually to be *virgo intacta*, but Perot might do well to fake it. A.L. Rowse tells of a candidate for the Oxford University seat in Parliament who won hundreds of votes on the strength of one sentence in his campaign leaflet: "Agriculture. I know nothing about agriculture." It might work for Perot, too. If nothing else, not knowing how government works means that how it works can't be your fault.

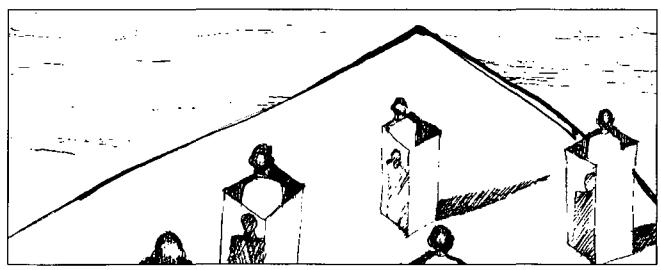
Then there's the Texas thing. Some sophisticates just *will* see Perot as an untamed gunslinger from flyover country. They prefer their Southwesterners to be Yalies like George Bush or Bill Clinton. It would be embarrassing to watch Perot go after those votes, just like it was with Lyndon. If he's smart—and I've never seen it suggested that he isn't—he'll treat his origins the way Hilaire Belloc treated his religion, when he ran for Parliament in 1905. "Gentlemen," Belloc told a public meeting, "I am a Catholic. As far as possible, I go to Mass every day. This [taking a rosary from his pocket] is a rosary. As far as possible, I kneel down and tell these beads every day. If you reject me on account of my religion, I shall thank God that He has spared me the indignity of being your representative." (Isn't that more manly than, say, John Kennedy's assurances in 1960 to a group of Baptist ministers that his religion wouldn't affect his conduct in office?)

If I were advising Perot, I'd tell him: Don't pander. Don't apologize. Don't "explain." It's not the cowboy way. Just run an in-your-face campaign that says: Here I am, a straight shooter who speaks his mind, a straight thinker who isn't afraid of simple solutions, an obscenely rich man who can't be bought by special interests because they can't afford me.

But here I am fantasizing about giving advice to a man who's Eugene's candidate, not mine. Me—well, I'll probably wind up being "responsible" again. I mean, who wants the election decided by the House of Representatives? But obviously even I find something attractive about this candidacy, so let me say one more thing about it. Some folks I've talked to profess to find Perot a little frightening. But what ought to scare them is the alienation and frustration, the wrecking impulse, that he's tapping. All things considered, it seems to me that voting for Ross Perot is a pretty harmless way for that to surface.

John Shelton Reed writes from Chapel Hill, North Carolina, and likes real *Texans.*

LIBERAL ARTS



GAY STUDIES

The Gay and Lesbian Issues Committee of the University of Wisconsin last January proposed a campus center and studies program for gay, lesbian, and bisexual students. According to the *Capital Times* and *Wisconsin State Journal*, Dean of Students Mary Rouse appointed the committee and endorsed their proposals. The committee also considered special housing to provide "a higher level of sensitivity" to the needs of homosexuals. Chancellor Donna Shalala criticized the proposal and said the housing option was "unconstitutional—you are not allowed to put groups together but separated from everyone else." A grant of $29,400 was approved for the vocal Ten Percent Society, a "GLB" student group, to establish a campus center that will help "students who want to 'come out of the closet'" with "a sort of buddy-mentor program," said the group's president, Michael Dixon. According to Jan Sheppard, "permanent UW liaison to the gay, lesbian, bisexual community," the Dean of Letters and Science requested interested faculty to submit course outlines for a possible homosexual studies program.

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Letter From Austria

by Geoffrey Wagner

Life as a Picture Postcard

The girls are in dirndls. Usually pink, with a darker apron and neckerchief and a waist-cinching bodice of black velveteen, buttoned up under old-fashioned chests. Puff-sleeves of white starched blouses. They wear this folkloric costume quite unselfconsciously, about their everyday jobs, in bank or supermarket alike. This is a feminist's nightmare.

The apple-cheeked men are in lederhosen or some dark green Knickerbocker equivalent of the same, laced at the knee and stoutly supported by colorful galluses (Brit braces), with a sort of crossover martingale strap striving to join them in front and keep that beer in order. Under the chestnut trees of the park a brass band brays out oompah-pah Styrian marches while well-behaved, self-possessed blonde children play beside a river, its panes of white water happy to have escaped the gorges above whose snowy peaks and glacial streaks look severely down on mere man.

But it's no good: one can't write about the picture-perfect Salzkammergut any more than one can photograph it, during one of its mountain villages' religious festivals, such as that of Corpus Christi. At some point in such festivities everyone takes to the benches of the Kurpark to scoff bratwurst and beer, the ladies included. Truck drivers and construction workers alike wear some tribute to local costume, generally the so-called Tyrolean hat, showing its variety of shaving brushes in the band. Hansel-and-Gretel children, entirely unrehearsed, offer the visitor bunches of narcissi—without the panhandler's paper cup of New York's subway "system" (an oxymoron if ever there was one). There are no drugs, there is no inebriation, though I am surprised by the number of cigarettes dangling from the fingers of these dirndled maidens and cheery locals.

For this, folks, is the heart of the Salzkammergut, *echt* Austria if you will, that bucolic area of astonishing beauty familiar to everyone but for the two or three human beings on planet Earth who didn't see the Julie Andrews movie *The Sound of Mucous*. Happily lodged at Bad Aussee I watched its festival of the local narcissus flower held at the end of each May, replete with parades and processions from surrounding villages, flower floats of great ingenuity (to take to the water on boats at nearby Grundlsee), marching bands, and, natch, a Miss Narcissus-Queen, a local girl with a smile of riveting wattage. About fifty thousand invaded Bad Aussee for the thirty-second such, and there wasn't a scrap of litter to be seen when they had left.

With its manicured meadows and deep blue waters, those of lake Toplitz supposedly guarding Nazi gold, this region lies to the southeast of Salzburg and owes its name to the salt mines that provided local employment for centuries and can still be visited (the Habsburg art treasures were sheltered in them in the last war, as were some of the British National Gallery's treasures in a salt mine in Cheshire). The Salzkammergut has always been obstinately independent and egalitarian, little lakeside Alt Aussee even spurning the approaches of His Apostolic Majesty Franz Joseph I in 1850. The area proudly wore the see of Kammergut, or crown land, independent of Mozart's city (though I saw two splendid flower floats dedicated to the composer who died in poverty and seems to be supporting much of Austria's tourism today). To one from Manhattan these lovingly tended flowers and families seem so idyllic as to be caricatures acted out. But it is all quite natural, a daily way of life.

Apart from neighboring Germans, not too many tourists seem to want to penetrate it off-season, at least as far down as to Bad Aussee and Mittendorf, whereas Salzburg year-round is inundated with bus-borne armies that make it impossible to move around its Innere Stadt at all, let alone get the feel of its charm. I haven't been to the Louvre lately, but the Brueghel room in Vienna's Kunsthistorische is a rugger scrum. I am reminded of those days just after the war when, if you knew someone in the Vatican, you could see the Sistine ceiling—*alone*.

The countryside in the heart of the Salzekammergut is by contrast almost too good to be true: villages like St. Wolfgang (home of the White Horse Inn), Bad Ischl, Hallstatt, this last with its glorious lake site yet depressing bone bin by the upper church; lacking land, Hallstatt apparently buries its dead until they are skeletonic, when they are literally piled up, one on top of another, in a church-side charnel house (no entry fee, but contribution accepted). Mostly it's timbered inns, Gothic churches (of great antiquity), shuttered houses, their hand-carved gingerbread wood balconies boxed bright with geraniums (and plump cats), all decorating the bright green meadows and the silent lakes where the immaculate swans keep guard. From the Loser peak high above Altaussee I watched hang gliders taking off over some of the most sumptuous scenery in the world.

So far these have not been spoilt. Modern Austria enjoys a high sophistication of appurtenance. Its roads are the best in Europe, its drivers the most disciplined. The latest technology of Japan and the wizardry of nearby Switzerland jostle in store windows. Hygiene—as witness my own stupefaction before various men's room gadgetries—seems at some science-fiction high, roadside toilets putting to shame those in most American doctors' offices. Supererogatory health is everywhere emphasized. *Joggen* is a German verb here.

It must perhaps be confessed that contemporary art of consequence is inconspicuous in these parts, as also to some extent in Vienna. Seven vast tourist buses were lined up when I went to see the Hundertwasser attempts, recently opened, to convert housing-style buildings into poor paintings (imitated in Hamburg now). The intellection is feeble, and the playful, childlike nature of the interpretation bounces back from these bleak walls. It is minor "art," or architecture.

Not so the well mounted Kokoschka exhibition in the Freyung, not far from St. Stephen's square, now so well preserved from automobile traffic. I left the Belvedere in sunshine and in mobs, all doubtless to be yelled at in front of the incomparable Klimts, and Schieles, to find very few interested in "O.K.," as he liked to sign himself. I have never liked him as a painter, seeing him as the source of someone like de Kooning who simply tore him up and made him as ugly as possible; but I admired him as a man (bayoneted in the trenches, after all, then blown up by a grenade). This new Sammlung opened my eyes. O.K. does not do well in reproduction, his fiery vision being ironed out flat. Besides, he could draw.

If Vienna was its usual handsome self,

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it was generally jammed with tourists, and I was happy to return to Bad Aussee and its admirable old hotel, the Erzherzog Johann; Gault/Millaut has done Austria but to date Michelin has not. When it does, the Erzherzog should wear a lot of red and many stars.

As should the Salzkammergut. *Grüss Gott!*

Geoffrey Wagner is an emeritus professor of English of the City University of New York.

Letter From the Vatican

by Thomas Molnar

The Forum and the Faith

When in Rome, one should first try to see it as a city like any other. Easier written than done when one's hotel is just behind the Pantheon and in its walls there are plaques commemorating that General San Martín, Bolívar's fellow liberator, lived there, and that Stendhal worked on his *Mémoires* in one of the rooms. Rome's greatness is that it is never oppressive, that it always appears as the mother of beauty and time. Coming in at late afternoon from a congress on biogenetics held in Frascati, we have dinner in the Campo di Fiori where Giordano Bruno was burned at the stake in 1600. One of the surrounding palaces appropriately housed the Inquisition. The debris of the day's market have not been cleared away yet; we learn there is a garbage strike. The prices are atrociously high.

Whiling away until my second congress, I call the Vatican the next day, although according to news from home a letter had come canceling my expected audience with Cardinal Ratzinger, who would be at Lourdes. But when in Rome, don't take "no" (or "yes") for granted, so I call again. I learn that the Cardinal will not go to Lourdes but will give lectures in Germany. "Call back again, we shall see," say his extremely helpful secretaries, a lady and a young priest.

So it happened last summer that on a morning of furnace-like heat, I was sipping coffee facing the massive building where Cardinal Ratzinger's offices are located, the Sacred Congregation of Faith and Doctrine. Coffee at one dollar is the drinkable beverage reasonably priced; I have two cups. The Cardinal, his trip having now been canceled, would receive me at 10:30. So here I sit, listening to all the languages of the world passing by. Around the Vatican, in fact in Rome itself, one always feels that something important will happen. I enter the building ten minutes before my appointment. It is in rather bad repair, but the elevator works.

One after the other, the gentle secretaries appear. We chat for a moment in German but agree that the Cardinal and I will speak French. In a few more minutes, he appears and ushers me into another room. I reveal no secret when I say that for the next forty minutes Cardinal Ratzinger was at his best Vatican-diplomatic behavior. He knew that I was no newcomer to the Church's troubled era, that I was no leftist utopian (we had met fifteen years ago at a Salzburg conference, on the topic of utopianism) but a not-too-happy critic of Vatican II. There on the table was my latest book, *The Church, Pilgrim of Centuries*.

What can the second man after the Pope say on a bright Roman morning to a keenly attentive but critical visitor? First, that John Paul II was studying Magyar in preparation of his August visit to Hungary, and that he finds the language enormously difficult! Then the Cardinal wishes me well on my appointment to the University of Budapest as a professor of the philosophy of religion. We both know Eastern Europe, the new site of the Church there, and the task of teachers of postcommunist generations. The Cardinal stresses, in these hard times, the necessity of full obedience to the bishops, and returns several times to this theme, as expected. I interject: but take bishops like the French Gaillot (raised fist at communist meetings), the Brazilian Arns (praise of Castro), the America Hunthausen and Weakland. Obedience, of course; yet what about the masses of Catholics—confused, humiliated, reduced to pariahs—spiritually roughened?

The Cardinal knows it well; he is aware that I was there in New York when he was heckled by homosexuals throughout his lecture and three dozen policemen did nothing to stop them. How can he answer my question? He speaks instead of arrogant priests following their own path, of sectarianism, of Father Bulányi in Hungary and his base communities, of the Church's losses in South America, the absurd super-mundanities of the American Church. I try to link all these phenomena of desertion from orthodoxy with Rome's relaxed notion of authority, while I think of the

LIBERAL ARTS

AND THE HOMEWORK?

Scientist Simon LeVay, noted for his contention that homosexuality results from anatomical differences in the brain, announced last February that he would leave the Salk Institute to establish a school for homosexuals. The *Los Angeles Times* quoted Robert Bray, spokesman for the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, as saying the proposed West Hollywood Institute for Gay and Lesbian Education "will create an unbiased, non-heterosexist environment for students to learn about themselves as well as science and academic issues affecting them." The institute will be known as WHIGLE.

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words, uttered the day before, of a good priest, for decades in Rome, whose principal grievance was the Vatican's rigidity in ecumenical matters! I disagreed, having different views on ecumenism, but *that* was my interlocutor's chief worry. It would be hard to be in the Cardinal's position, and to weigh and balance all the many concerns.

Hard also because we are in Italy, where the classical mixes with the baroque, the severe Pantheon with the Jesuitical Gesù, where Catholicism is hammered into the subconscious. Sitting next to the Cardinal, I change the subject without getting off it. Two days before, at audience with Cardinal Alfonso López Trujillo—the Pope's man in South America, now president of the Pontifical Commission on the Family and successor to Cardinal Gagnon—I said admiring words about J.P. McFadden's *Human Life Review;* to Cardinal Ratzinger I praise now the review *Catholica* (Paris), perhaps the most intellectually stimulating Catholic publication. Ratzinger reads it regularly, praises it highly—and this means quite a bit because we make it certain that the review has its *sic* or *non* right. The Cardinal's acknowledgment may also mean—in the Vatican where words are carefully weighed—that the Church has gotten over the worst (not the light fever but the bad influenza, as Maritain concluded), that many are coming back to her (see Dom Gerard's glorious Benedictine monastery in Provence), that the obstinate opponents are out of breath. It has taken a generation, and it will take more. I clearly experienced it in Rome: the Church is divided, in higher and lower ranks, just like the rest of Western society, along the same lines and for the same reasons. The windows were opened too wide by John XXIII. Yet, the positive thing today over our timid yesterday is that the conflict is almost out in the open; *almost* because the Vatican is ever discreet, no blunt statements. Let time do its work.

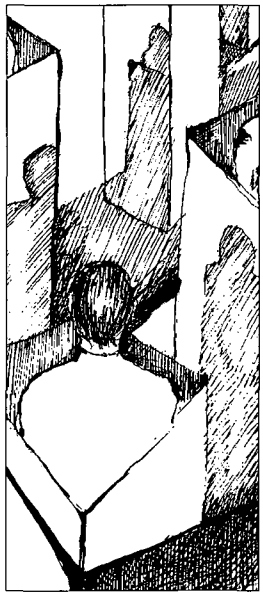
Hungary is sufficiently small and remote enough to serve as a test case in our conversation. What struck me in Ratzinger's words was the accent on *continuity.* The Church weathered through terrible times, yet it needs no "reorganization"—only some replacements of persons, the orthodoxy of new Catholic universities, and resettled religious orders. The Church produced, as she usually does, firmness and flexibility, resistance and accommodation, Mindszenty and Lekai. The Pope's visit to Hungary was appropriately scheduled to signal continuity and a new start. What Rome knows and we forget is the immense resilience of people, their return from the horrible and the scandalous at the first sign of authority and faith. Yet I insisted that the Church ought to give the sign, not wait until it is convenient.

The Church's apparent drawback in these times of demagogue nuns and of condom-cum-cucumber curriculum, is her official silence and dignity. When Weakland insists on saving the Church through the marriage of priests (what about, next time, the marriage of *gay* priests?), Rome cannot, like a washerwoman, gossip back tit for tat. There are other ways, less spectacular. The congress at Frascati in the Alban hills was about biogenetics, a critique of the "new medicine" where the curing of the sick takes a backseat behind the idea of the human body as a manipulated and modified object of depersonalization. A general reaction to the century's insanities emerges slowly, as men of good will join a low-toned crusade.

Rome itself offers the right frame for such countermoves. You turn a corner and find new eye-caressing sites, unexpected angles, and a gamut of colors played out by a vivid luminosity on walls of ochre, red, golden stones. The quiet contemplation on the Pincio, the vividness of the Trastevere, the twilight on the Tiber and its bridges. The marvelous cocktail of eternity and time. One asks, how can work be accomplished—and the faith rescued—behind these sun-beaten windows, facing the fountains, strolling under Trajan's Column, looking out on the Forum from the Campidoglio? Is Rome the place from where the world may be put right? Yet it has happened, many times.

Thomas Molnar is the author, most recently, of The Church, Pilgrim of Centuries *(Eerdmans).*

LIBERAL ARTS



NONRESIDENT VOTERS

A bill to enfranchise homeless people has been introduced in the Illinois legislature. According to the *Chicago Tribune,* House Democrat Jan Schakowsky said, "If anyone has an interest in changing the direction of the country, it is the homeless," and argued that a "person's primary place of residence is a location where they can usually be found. . . . This includes a park bench, a shelter, a street corner or a space under a bridge." Republican Senate Minority Leader James Philip expressed concern that the lack of traditional residence "could lead to widespread vote fraud."

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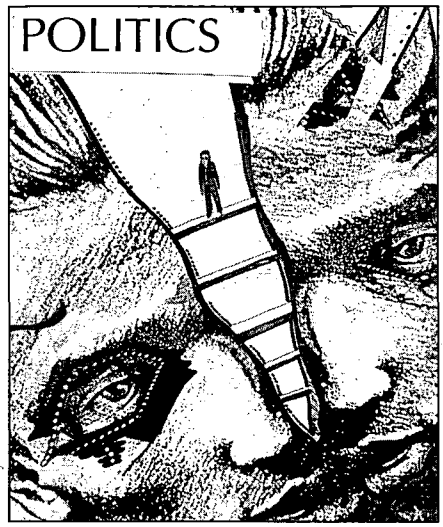

Anna Mycek-Wodecki

A Great Refusal

by M.E. Bradford

The North Carolina Ratification Convention of 1788

As I have previously observed in these pages, each of the ratification conventions with which the people of the 13 original states passed judgment on the handiwork of the Great Convention had its own distinctive drama—structural characteristics which in the end colored the meaning of the Constitution in the communities by which it was originally approved. A focus on the multiplicity of complete ratification, once it had been finally achieved, has been a constant in my commentary on the process by which that compact acquired the force of law. However, such multiplicity is nowhere more evident than in the North Carolina Convention of July 1788 held in Hillsborough—not too far from Guilford Court House where, on March 14, 1781, General Nathanael Greene had faced down the best Lord Cornwallis had to throw in his direction. This convention, dominated by Antifederalists, voted 184-84 not to ratify the proposed bond of union as it stood when presented to them. Thus it said to the tide of history, "At least for the moment, no." And then sat back to watch the Federalist reaction to its refusal to oblige.

It was, of course, a foregone conclusion that the Hillsborough Convention was not going to approve the Constitution. Willie Jones and his friends (Thomas Person, James McDowell, Judge Samuel Spencer, Timothy Bloodworth, and the Reverend David Caldwell) had done their work too thoroughly for any possibility of a Federalist "surprise" such as had occurred in New York. But the form to be taken by Antifederalist rejection was as yet undetermined, as was the use that might be made of the convention by the Federalist minority, a group of substantial citizens who were obliged to keep their minds on opportunities that might emerge if they handled their inevitable defeat in the most persuasive fashion.

The principal mistake made by the Antifederalists in connection with the first North Carolina ratification convention was that they delayed its meeting so far down the calendar of the ratifying process as to limit what they could achieve with their overwhelming majority—a delay of their state's approval until the Bill of Rights was adopted; or the scheduling of a second constitutional convention to amend the Philadelphia instrument, what had been suggested in New York as a means of recruiting support for ratification among equivocal Antifederalists. Had the Hillsborough Convention voted before Massachusetts in January, before the first New Hampshire Convention adjourned on February 22, 1787, it might have released a tide of uneasiness and suspicion that would have brought Virginia, New York, and New Hampshire into the antifederal column: that would have sent Mr. Madison back to his drawing board and all of the Framers back to Philadelphia for a more certain clarification of the limits on what kinds of purposes might be achieved by the exercise of a proposed federal power. But they forfeited that opportunity by attempting to be too certain concerning the margin of their support in the Old North State; and by trying to make the last play in the game, once everyone else's cards were on the table.

The blunder of the Federalists was in the opposite direction, in believing that North Carolina would agree without fierce opposition to a powerful bond of union such as its citizens had never contemplated while they moved toward independence. Even so, the envelope within which North Carolina made its choices favored the Federalists in the long run, in that the people of the state wished to keep in place a connection with their countrymen in other American commonwealths; and because they were, therefore, sooner or later going to vote for ratification since, in July of 1788, no other means were available to that fraternal end. Therefore, the strategy of the Federalists in the Hillsborough Convention was to make for the record a good case for approving the proposed Constitution and then to publish the apologia/transcript of those proceedings featuring the arguments of Archibald Maclaine, Governor Samuel Johnston, Richard Dobbs Spaight, General William Richardson Davie, and Judge James Iredell.

We are sometimes told that the surviving transcription of these proceedings underplays the participation of the Antifederalists and that Federalists edited it for effect. In a time when men were careful of their personal honor it is doubtful that Thomas Lloyd, Federalist transcriber, put words in the mouth of any Antifederalist. When the debates were published, too many important Carolinians remembered precisely what had been said. Hence I believe that there could be no politically significant distortion in the text as published—except perhaps for a little polishing of Federalist oratory to make it more attractive to Antifederalists they wished to recruit. For the historian of these events and the student of American political rhetoric it is enough to know that at Hillsborough the Federalists "wanted only to vote": to know that the arguments made by Federalist orators were aimed at folk "out of doors," at those not present in the convention but that potentially as influence in any subsequent assembly that might reexamine the subject of ratification.

No sooner did the Hillsborough Convention come to order than it was invited to adjourn. On the general subject of

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whether the delegates would approve the Constitution, Willie Jones, having counted the house, moved the question. In doing so he observed that delegates were certain to be familiar with the issues and the text of the Constitution, having had many months to consider their opinion on these subjects. Federalists raised an immediate hue and cry that such haste was unseemly and in conflict with the instructions that they had all received from the people of North Carolina to first consider and then judge the instrument of government set before them. Jones shrugged his shoulders and behaved like the great gentleman that he was, agreeing to permit his neighbors to have the debate they wanted: to work their way through the text of the Constitution, section by section, even if Federalists had to put the case for both sides of many disputed points.

This concessionary framework surrounding a conversation whose results were foreknown is part of the special rhetorical character of the North Carolina ratification debates. The other definitive ingredient present from the beginning of these deliberations was introduced immediately after Willie Jones' decision to allow a little Federalist oratory. What I refer to is the motion made by the Reverend David Caldwell:

> Mr. President, the subject before us is of a complicated nature. In order to obviate the difficulty attending its discussion, I conceive that it will be necessary to lay down such rules or maxims as ought to be the fundamental principles of every free government: and after laying down such rules, to compare the Constitution with them, and see whether it has attended to them; for if it be not founded on such principles, it cannot be proper for our adoption.

In effect, what the Reverend Caldwell was doing with this motion was suggesting that the United States Constitution should itself be an embodiment of natural rights theory and of Whig teaching on the relationship between governors and the governed. The Reverend Caldwell would have preferred to live under a fundamental law dedicated to self-evident propositions about the nature and destiny of man, not according to a series of discrete provisions for conducting the work of government. What is most significant about the reaction of his colleagues to this motion that they draw up a generic statement on aboriginal rights to use in judging the Constitution is that they found it to be not only inconvenient and obfuscatory but also "dangerous": from "the nature of things" (in the phrase of Davie), unsuited to the business at hand, which it would delay or prevent and perhaps render impossible of resolution since men could never agree on such fundamental "principles" or "their application" (Davie again) and therefore would resist and/or reject whatever government that pretended to draw its primary authority from such abstract foundations. The overwhelming majority (163 to 90) that rejected the Reverend Caldwell's motion was *both a Federalist and an Antifederalist majority*, reflecting the general sense of the people of North Carolina. In their decision they recall the language of Edmund Randolph in the Great Convention when, on May 29, 1787, he introduced the Virginia Plan with a contrast between the concern of the Framers with the problems of governance, with practical questions, and the very different preoccupations (with "human rights") among the authors of the Articles of Confederation.

Given these predicates, the most important thing that can be said about the dramatic structure of the first North Carolina Convention is that, with reference to the strategy of the Federalists, it very much resembles all the other ratification debates for which we have records—or at least all but New York, where Hamilton was sometimes honest about the model of government under consideration. What I mean is, once they had dispensed with nonsensical objections to specific provisions in its text, Iredell and Davie, Governor Johnston and Archibald Maclaine, all set out to identify the proposed Constitution with what the serious Antifederalists said they wanted, insisting at every stage in their discussions that the great fear of the Antifederalists, of a new model government that contained a potential for limitless expansion, was unfounded: that the first amendment suggested in North Carolina's recommended list, "that each state in the Union shall respectively retain every power, jurisdiction and right, which is not by this Constitution delegated to the Congress of the United States, or to the departments of the federal government," was unnecessary since no implied powers existed and everything not granted by the states was "reserved" for their own administration. In one exchange Judge Iredell declared that if the Constitution were subject to such expansion, then no one would oppose it more than he would: "No such wicked intention ought to be suffered." Efforts to "annihilate the state government, instead of exciting the admiration of any man, . . . ought to excite their resentment and execration."

That North Carolina Antifederalism in its most important manifestations worried more about encroachment on the principles of local control and limited government than it did about the "rights of man" is, on the whole, better demonstrated by what the advocates of ratification in Hillsborough pleaded *for the Constitution* than by what its critics objected against it. Federalists understood very well what were (given the fierce Regulator localism of most Tarheel communities) the greatest fears of their neighbors. And these were not fears of Tory reaction or foreign invasion, not mere enthusiasm for paper money, suspension of debt and mad democracy. In fact, very little had changed since 1766-1771: since the Regulators had successfully identified local manifestations of the power of the general government in western North Carolina as an intrusive, exploitative, subjugating force. Schemes of overgovernment for purposes of empire or to enforce a colonial policy not checked by local authority had little local support—and seemed a surprising innovation. Such folk as these Carolinians would not, in 1788, wish to introduce a remote, arbitrary and sometimes hostile power into their midst so soon after having expelled such a power from their world.

The issues raised in other state ratification debates were usually treated by the delegates in Hillsborough. But the most important antifederal objections to the Constitution had to do with questions not so regularly addressed in other state ratifying conventions as they were in North Carolina. These most serious criticisms concerned provisions for the judiciary and for the exclusion of religious tests from the qualifications for federal officeholders. More was said about the judiciary and religion in Hillsborough than in any other part of the ratifying process. Antifederalists argued

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that federal courts would obliterate the jurisdiction of state laws and judges. Moreover, federal justice would be both hard to reach and expensive. Samuel Spencer feared "clashing and animosities" between state and federal courts. Oaths of officeholders promising to uphold the Constitution he thought would eventually result in consolidation. And without a statement in the Constitution reserving to the states all powers not explicitly surrendered to federal authority, he wanted to see a bill of rights attached—one of the old kind which restrained Leviathan, not citizens or states.

Though they agreed with Richard Dobbs Spaight that "no government can exist without a judiciary to enforce its laws," Antifederalists also objected to the Supremacy Clause because they were uncertain about how far it might reach. Speaking for them, Timothy Bloodworth observed concerning the provision for a federal judiciary in the Constitution, "It is a total repeal of every act and constitution of the states. The judges are sworn to uphold it. It will produce an abolition of the state governments. Its sovereignty absolutely annihilates them." Antifederalists also disliked the omission from the Philadelphia instrument of a provision for trial by jury in civil cases—even though Federalists gave them a good explanation of why it was impossible to do otherwise. North Carolina Antifederalists foresaw judicial imperialism far more clearly than their counterparts in the other states. In this particular, history has made them into prophets. Federalist responses to their objections to ratification also specified that these "friends of the Constitution" thought no better of lawmaking by the courts than their opponents did. Speaking for them, Archibald Maclaine declared, "The federal court has jurisdiction only in some instances. There are many instances in which no court but the state courts can have any jurisdiction whatsoever, except where parties claim land under the grant of different states, or the subject of dispute arises under the Constitution itself. The state courts have exclusive jurisdiction over every other possible controversy that can arise between the inhabitants of their own states; nor can the federal courts intermeddle with such disputes, either originally or by appeal." Maclaine so read the law, both because he wished it to be so and because he expected his adversaries to be satisfied by such a state of affairs, given their expressed preferences.

Concerning religion and the state, Antifederalists emphasized the secularizing and irreligious effects of a lack of tests for officeholders under Article VI. James Iredell's response to their concerns was the most distinguished and thoughtful of his many contributions to these North Carolina debates. The men of the backcountry wanted no Anglican establishment. But neither did they wish to see the United States as less than an openly Christian nation: *a Protestant, Christian nation*. They did not expect to allow Roman Catholics into the highest offices. But, in particular, they feared an influx of pagans, unbelievers, deists, and "Mahometans." Henry Abbott, a Baptist elder from Anson, thought that such immigration coupled with a treaty calling for the establishment of a "foreign" faith might deprive the people of their religious freedom. For this reason Abbott and his allies thought prohibition of religious tests of officeholders impolitic. What made the idea of such a treaty with a Roman Catholic power plausible was the memory of an agreement between King Charles II of England and Louis XIV of France, the Sun King; that memory, and a network of old fears and resentments coming down from the Reformation.

Confronting these emotions, Judge Iredell drew upon British history to demonstrate that nothing was implied in the exclusion of religious tests but a hope of keeping the national government within the necessary boundaries of restraint and away from the bad example of "establishment," British style. In his summary statement he declares that "had Congress undertaken to guaranty religious freedom, or any particular species of it, they would have had a pretence to interfere in a subject they have nothing to do with." The lack of a guarantee in the Constitution concerning freedom of religion Iredell thus converted into a protection of such freedom—a nice inversion of the case for a bill of rights. Furthermore, Antifederalists were told that if North Carolinians could preserve a properly Christian community among themselves, only Christians would choose to join with them in moving into their state. Clearly, they did not wish to institute a confessional state. But they were uncomfortable with change in matters religious—as in all other matters. And especially with change engendered by powers remote, unresponsive, and potentially unfriendly.

With this series of questions deployed and answered, the universe of discourse inhabited by members of the Hillsborough Convention is defined. But the artificiality of this debate-for-the-record evaporated as it unfolded, so that before Willie Jones—after a week of discussion and a conclusion of the exchange on religion—moved the question, it had become a very serious discussion of the largest political issues involved in the choice for or against ratification. After listening to certain antifederal nonsense of what *might happen*, thanks to the existence of new powers, Judge Iredell declared, "Sir, it is impossible to treat such idle fears with any degree of gravity." Maclaine supported him by asking, "Is it possible for any common understanding or sense to put this construction upon [the Constitution]?" But in reacting to the overall thrust of the North Carolina ratification convention, Iredell also acknowledged that there were deeply felt and reasonable concerns underneath the entire Antifederalist argument—anxieties he was obliged to address because they reflected the loftiest of American political values, uncompromised by social or practical considerations. Speaking with admiration of the Antifederalist community that fought him all the way on ratification, Iredell affirmed, "I believe the passion for liberty is stronger in America than in any other country in the world. The North Carolina Federalists, even though they had several objectives in reforming government that went beyond what was acceptable to their Antifederalist opponents, agreed with them about protecting liberty. Therefore, they responded to their announced concerns as well as the Constitution would allow, minimizing how strong a government ratification would make; attaching a reading to the document of no value to inventive modern judges. In other words, they understood far better than local-minded opponents that the "general ground of the objections seems to be that the power proposed to the general government may be abused." Such was the crux of the North Carolina ratifying convention.

For what the Federalists faced in Hillsborough, as some commentators on the event still fail to recognize, was the old Regulator spirit, a political temper ab-

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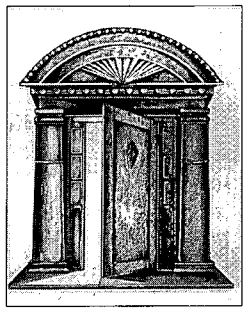
solutely unlike that of the Federalists. The members of that majority had no patience with the idea of the teleocratic state, even if some version of union was, as they recognized, inevitable. For they knew, as Archibald Maclaine insisted before the entire convention, that it was "impossible for any man in his senses to think that we [North Carolinians] can exist by ourselves, separated from our sister states." Even so, North Carolina Antifederalists, in giving a vigorous rebuff to the idea of an instrumental state, set lasting limits on the meaning of the Constitution they did not yet approve. For North Carolina Federalists declared that their opponents were being offered just what they (ostensibly) desired. The Antifederalists thought otherwise.

Samuel Spencer, speaking for these reluctant Framers, said of the Constitution that "it apparently looks forward to a consolidation of the government of the United States, when the state legislature may entirely decay away." William Goody in the same cause declares that the disposition of the Constitution "to destroy state government must be clear to every man of common understanding." And there is more of the same sort of language from Timothy Bloodworth, the Reverend Caldwell, and others. In responding to such charges, Federalists found an agenda for their own political speech and were thus restrained from construing the Constitution as anything more ambitious than what the Antifederalists were saying they were ready to accept. Their rhetoric resembled that of the Virginia Federalists just as the speech of their opponents calls up an image of the Virginia Antifederalists who were fully visible in the amendments to the Constitution proposed in Richmond and then proposed again in Hillsborough.

One of these suggested changes sent out to the other states by a recalcitrant North Carolina is, given the original rejection of the Reverend Caldwell's proposal that they begin with a Declaration of Rights, surprising. For such a list is recommended to the rest of the country along with North Carolina's "great refusal" to accept the plan of government proposed: recommended to the attention of the general government as a maxim to be considered in the framing of its laws and policies. And the list begins with a statement about the equality of all men (citizens) "when they form a social compact." Making this statement all the more puzzling is the fact that North Carolinians had said nothing about the rights of man or equality in drawing up their original state constitution—a statement concerning the ground rules in their relations with one another. But the contradiction here is only apparent: consistent with North Carolina's internal agreement on the subject of rights, its devotion to liberty and its fear of an indifferent, potentially hostile, or presumptuous national authority—of power not directly responsive to a local source.

Talk of rights in the Hillsborough Convention meant that its members were agreed in making the value of limited government the fundamental premise of their exchanges. Even so good a Federalist as General Davie declared, "whatever might affect the states in their political capacity ought to be left to them." The Bill of Rights, Antifederalists hoped, would protect citizenship in North Carolina from the danger of a federal definition. Contrary to Professor Michael Lienesch, the antagonists debating ratification in North Carolina differed on how best to have state and local responsibility for personal rights, limited government and sufficient federal power, not over whether these were worthwhile concerns. With a Declaration of Rights restricting the notion of federal protection for positive rights, the old idea of corporate liberty survived among them. But only so long as it was the general government that was restrained—so long as the rest of the Union was forewarned by Carolina's united refusal to ratify that no expansive nonsense would be tolerated. At Hillsborough the perennial problem of American politics got a thorough hearing: the conviction that as a people we cannot live at ease either with or without a national government and therefore will be forever at odds about which side of this antithesis we should prefer to emphasize in our own time.

M.E. Bradford is a professor of English at the University of Dallas. This article is excerpted from his forthcoming book, Original Intentions: On the Making and Ratification of the U.S. Constitution *(University of Georgia Press).*



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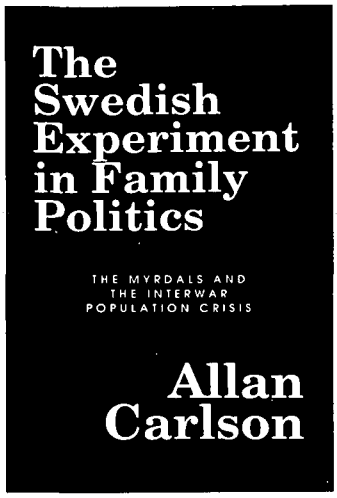

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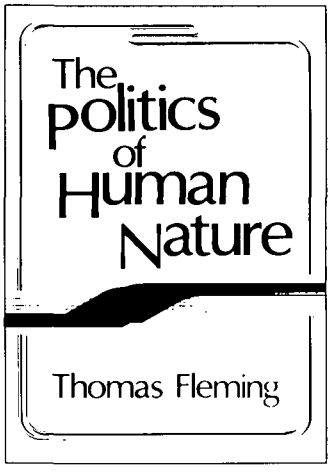

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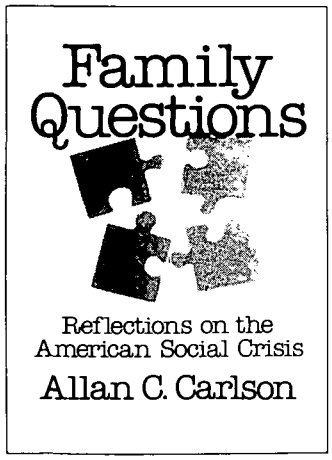

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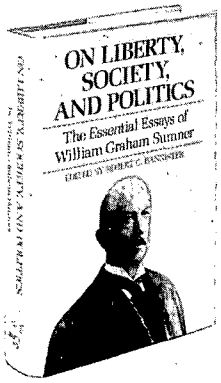

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